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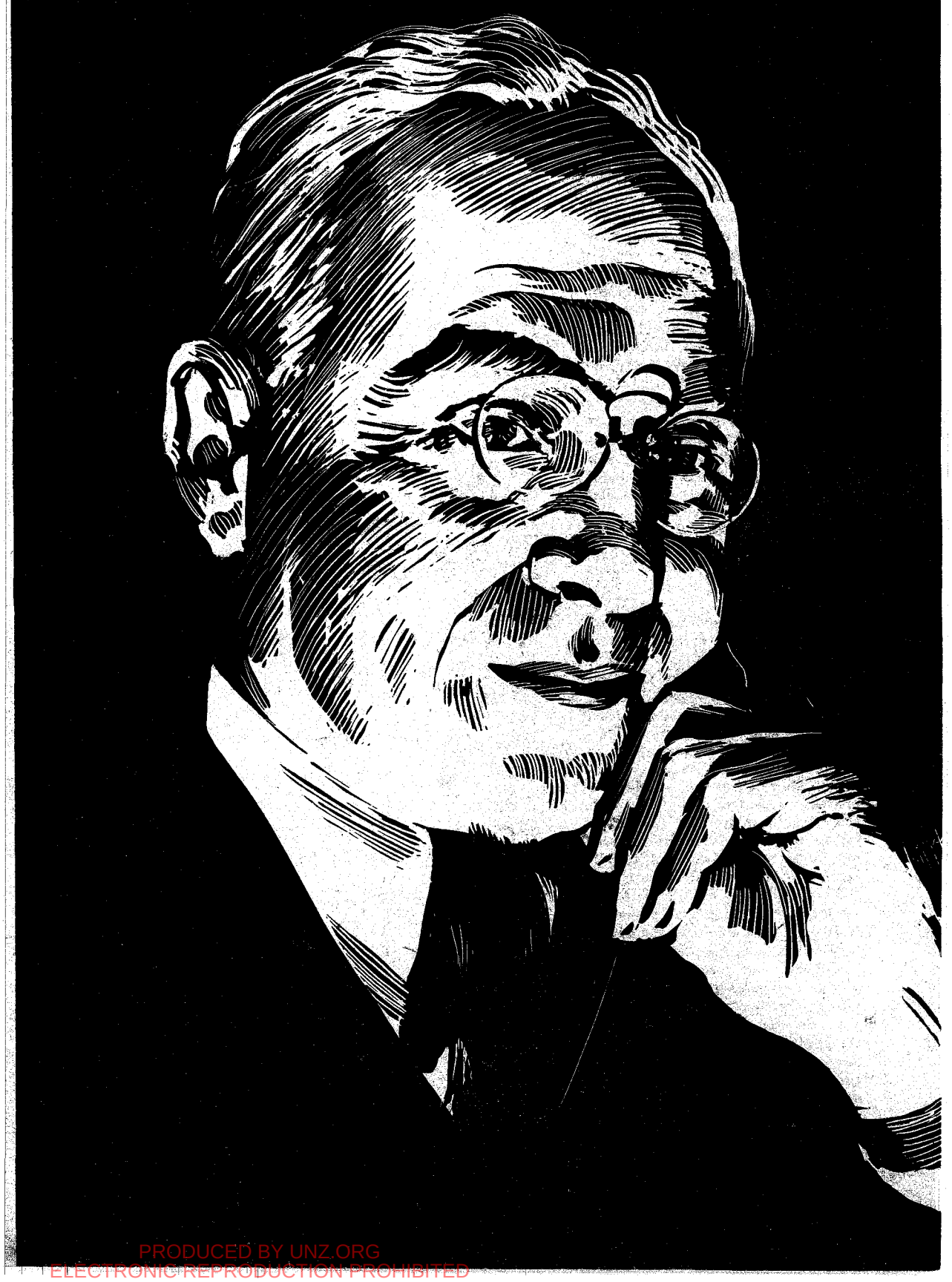
New MASSES



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AN EDITORIAL

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Cartoons by Gropper, Richter, Reinhardt, Colin Allen, Ajay

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JAN. 17, 1939

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Between Ourselves

AN ARTICLE by Samuel Sillen on the Congress for Peace and Democracy held last week in Washington, D. C., will appear in the next issue of NEW MASSES. Mr. Sillen was the NEW MASSES delegate to the congress.

The editors of this magazine regret to announce the retirement from active duty of one of their most important colleagues, Herman Michelson, who is taking a much-needed rest before assuming another job. Michelson was one of the founding editors of the weekly NEW MASSES and has been our managing editor since, except for eighteen months spent in the Soviet Union. He will continue as a contributing editor but his presence will be missed on the desk.

More than a hundred contributors and friends met with the staff last Saturday night at a farewell party for Michelson, also officially opening our new clubrooms at 201 West 52nd St. They found a room with great potentialities as a center for our expanding extra-curricular activity. Three hundred people can be accommodated for parties, dances, musicales, lectures, movies, or what-have-you. There is a well equipped stage which was used to great effect by the Flatbush Players in a half-hour of entertainment. They found a bar and kitchen which was also enjoyed. Now to get back to the what-have-you.

NEW MASSES has many plans for its clubroom. We intend to present one-act plays, symposiums, lectures, concerts, debates, uncensored films, revivals of film classics, forums, art and sculpture exhibitions, and displays of camera art. We would like to provide children's programs—puppet shows, folk plays, and dances, etc., and there are several new ideas for your consideration. Would you like a program of new recorded music, presented by an outstanding music critic, or a series explaining hot jazz with recorded examples? How about a composer's night when a leading popular, jazz, and classic composer would present and explain his own endeavors? There might be, for instance, an outstanding jazz pianist like Teddy Wilson to play and tell his ideas of music; or a Marc Blitzstein, or an Aaron Copland. Or perhaps a recorded recital of the amazing Calypso songs from Trinidad, with mimeographed lyrics for those who cannot catch the high Anglican words of these political songs. How about an evening of privately recorded music in which you might hear the things musicians collect for themselves? Or an evening of rare jazz piano stuff, including boogie-woogie playing?

The possibilities for all these and the many other things you'd like are wide open. The admission for any of these events would be well under a half-dollar and the subject matter of your own choosing. We hereby invite our readers to send us suggestions for the intensive program we are now drawing up. The events we have mentioned which receive your endorsement will be planned immediately. There are many other ideas we haven't considered which we hope you'll mention in your letters. Give us topics for a debate, or a forum, suggestions for art shows, anything we can produce for you in our new club. Address your suggestions to NEW MASSES Cultural Affairs, 31 East 27th St., New York City.

The first public appearance of Sender Garlin, who has just returned after three and a half years in the USSR as correspondent for the *Daily Worker,* will take place under our auspices at the New School for Social Research, Sunday Evening, January 22. When he first arrived in Moscow, the Seventh World Congress of the Communist International was in session. La Pasionaria was a delegate; Georgi Dimitrov was preparing his historic report. Austria was Austria; Czechoslavakia was a democracy; Spain's republican forces were ready for power; Haile Selassie was emperor of Ethiopia. Sender Garlin's work in the Soviet Union in these rapid years gave him a rare knowledge of events. He interviewed Krupskaya, Lenin's widow; he traveled extensively throughout the vast Union, to the Crimea, the Urals, the Caucasus, Georgia, Tiflis, and White Russia, everywhere seeing Socialism at work. His report will be of paramount interest to our readers. See page 30 for details.

Professionally, Anna Sokolow is one year old. She was officially launched in her vigorous dancing career by this magazine last year in the most auspicious debut of the season. A capacity audience cheered her original compositions, *War Is Beautiful, A Strange American Funeral,* and *War Monger,* among others. Now we are preparing to present Anna Sokolow and her unit again in a recital at The Alvin Theater, February 26, Sunday evening. Miss Sokolow has been awarded a scholarship by the Bennington School, and this year received an award from the *Dance Magazine* for the best composition of 1938. In her program, which will include new pieces, she will be assisted by Alex North, composer-pianist.

The following speakers are available to organizations for meetings, forums, etc.: Harry Carlisle, Theodore Draper, James Dugan, Harry Gannes, Sender Garlin, Henry Hart, Milton Howard, Joshua Kunitz, A. B. Magil, Joseph North, Samuel Sillen. Organizations interested in securing speakers through us should call NEW MASSES Lecture Bureau, Helen Thompson, at CAledonia 5-3076.

Who's Who

RICHARD GOODMAN is on the staff of the London *Daily Worker,* and Sam Russell is its Barcelona representative. . . . Al Richmond is managing editor of the *People's World,* left-wing daily published in San Francisco. . . . Samuel Putnam, well known author and translator, is one of the regular editors of the *Harvard Hand Book of Latin American Studies,* published annually. . . . Benjamin Appel has completed a new novel, *The Power House,* which will be published in March. . . . Upton Sinclair's most recent of his scores of published books is the novel *Little Steel.* . . . John Stuart collaborated with Bruce Minton in writing *Men Who Lead Labor.* . . . Arthur Vogt has just returned from abroad after making a study of literary currents in Europe. . . . Raphael Hayes is employed on a WPA Recreational Project; his poetry has appeared before in NEW MASSES as well as in *Acorn* and the *Young Communist Review.*

The painting on page 24 by Ben Yomen is on exhibition at the New York Municipal Art Gallery.

Flashbacks

ENGELS, writing Jan. 18, 1893, to Friedrich Sorge, America's leading Socialist, said of those who later became the theoreticians for the British Labor Party: "The Fabians are an ambitious group here in London who have understanding enough to realize the inevitability of the social revolution, but who could not possibly entrust this gigantic task to the rough proletariat alone and are therefore kind enough to set themselves at the head. Fear of the revolution is their fundamental principle. . . . Hence, too, their fanatical hatred of Marx and all of us—because of the class struggle." . . . Karl Liebknecht, German revolutionary born Jan. 13, 1871, was murdered, together with Rosa Luxembourg, Jan. 15, 1919, by Prussian officers whom police under a Social Democratic chief did not try to restrain. . . . Jan. 15, 1927, the Tennessee Supreme Court upheld a law prohibiting the teaching of evolution in public schools in the state.

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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Plotting Another Munich

Chamberlain's Roman Holiday

RICHARD GOODMAN

London.

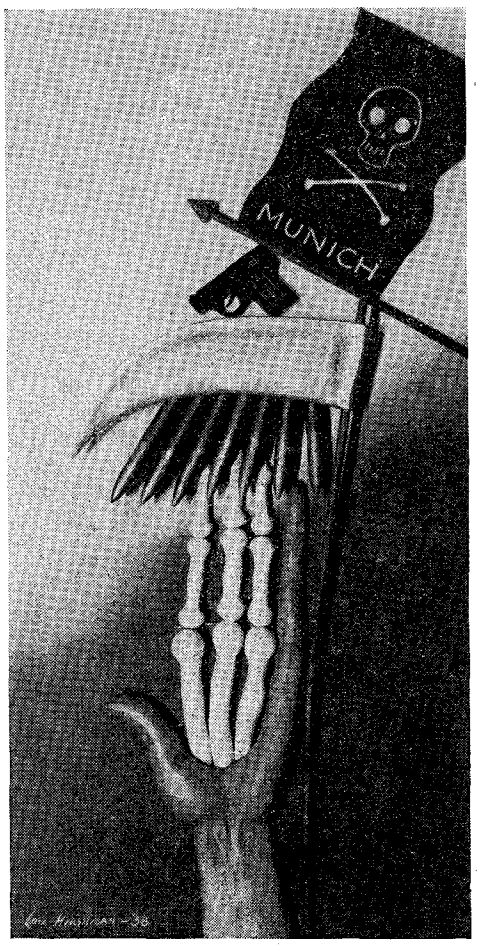
WITHOUT an appreciation of the internal position in Italy, Britain, and Franco-held territory in Spain, it is impossible to obtain a correct view of the Anglo-Italian conversations this week in Rome. For Mussolini, Franco, and Chamberlain are all facing problems which, although differing in degree, are qualitatively similar. And they all have the jitters.

Take Mussolini, to begin with. The Rome correspondent of the London *Times* put his finger neatly on the real facts of the situation last week when he wrote of the Duce's government: "There is little doubt that the government is becoming anxious about the continued draining of Italian resources by the war in Spain, which threatens to cost as much in money and material as did the Abyssinian war. It has already cost far more in men." And that is putting it mildly. According to official figures alone, the total number of Italians killed in Spain up to last October stood at 2,657. Reliable unofficial estimates double this number. Yet even if the official Italian figure is taken, this is already 344 more than the number officially admitted to have been killed in the whole Abyssinian war.

Estimates of the cost to Italy of intervention in Spain vary between one and two hundred million pounds. In Barcelona, where they are very cautious in these things, it is stated that, before the present offensive against Catalonia, Franco's direct indebtedness to Rome was not less than one hundred million. If, on top of this, it is remembered that Abyssinia is still an uneconomic proposition for Italy, and if the recent decree law instituting an inter-ministerial committee under Mussolini's chairmanship, for the development of "self-sufficiency" and giving virtual wartime state control over industry, is seen both as a symptom of and as an attempt to cope with the situation, a pretty good idea of the position is obtained. In other words, if Mussolini is to put his house in order, is to proceed with his plans for an African empire —Tunis and Jibuti to start with—and if necessary to do this the Mediterranean is to be converted into an "Italian lake," he must bring to a speedy end the war in Spain.

Yes, the Duce has the jitters all right, and the medicine he wants to make him well again can be described in one word: Chamberlain. It is a physic that has been tried before. In May Hitler had the jitters. He was faced with the powerful armed force and determination of the Czechoslovakian people, backed by the USSR and also at that time by republican France. He dared not go on. He could not go back. He was cracking. But Hitler sent for the healing medicine of the fascist dictators—Chamberlain. In the end came Munich, and Hitler was on his feet again.

So, in his difficulty Mussolini has returned to the suggestion made at Munich, that Chamberlain should also sometime visit Rome. Realizing that he cannot retreat or advance until "the Spanish problem has been solved," he has asked Chamberlain to come over and see him, in the hope that the British prime minister will pull another Munich, at the expense of republican Spain. What Mussolini wants is very simple. He wants Chamberlain to give him something which will result in real military assistance to his legions now hammering against the Catalan defenses. He wants something to help him beat the great army of the Spanish republic that stands between the Western world and a further fascist advance. He would prefer the granting of war rights to Franco, but he is ready to discuss anything that will give him what he wants.



Lou Hirshman

So what about Chamberlain? He too is in difficulties. Faced with acute and growing opposition to his whole policy—domestic as well as foreign—within his own party, he is bound to bring back from Rome something which will enable him at one and the same time to stem this revolt and save his own political existence, at least for a while, and continue with his policy of "appeasement" to fascism. Just as eager as Mussolini to see the liquidation of the Spanish war and the breakdown of republican resistance, he is, however, also faced with the fact that, for the moment at least, the French people have forced Daladier and Bonnet to take up a strong policy of resistance to Italian demands on Tunis and Jibuti and to reject the Duce's proposal that Chamberlain "mediate" between France and Italy in this dispute. Simultaneously he has to face the fact that although the fascists have achieved some advances in their attack on Catalonia, the army of the republic has so far prevented any sensational gains parallel to those on the Aragon front in April last year, which preceded the conclusion of the Anglo-Italian agreement, and are even counter-attacking on the Cordoba front.

The publicity given in the Italian press to the part played by Italian divisions in the Franco push, and the opposition in England to any granting of belligerent rights, are further factors making Chamberlain's position more difficult. The Spanish republic is not like Czechoslovakia, killed before the battle. The Spanish republic has been fighting for two years and is now successfully resisting the biggest attack ever launched since 1918.

What, then, can we expect the British prime minister to do in Rome? Expectations are growing in London at the time of this writing that the upshot of the visit will be a new

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suggestion for a four-power meeting—though just where it is to be held without hurting anybody's feelings, nobody seems to know. In view of the tory revolt Chamberlain will, it is believed, find it necessary—so far as any public announcements during or after the visit are concerned—to continue to underline, as he has done since the revolt became serious, the "firmness" of his policy, while simultaneously giving the impression to the axis in general and the Rome end in particular that he is on the point of capitulating. A proposal for a four-power meeting would be the most probable escape from this harsh dilemma. Such a meeting would also enable him to raise, first, the question of Italian demands on France more fully than he is able to do in Rome, and second, the whole question of a "peaceful settlement" of the war in Spain.

This second issue—the idea of some form of mediation on the peninsula—is becoming more and more discussed in pro-Munich circles in London. It leads us automatically to the internal position in Franco territory. During the second week in December the Salamanca radio made the following announcement:

> We have accustomed ourselves too easily to a victorious war, so that after these two long years of struggle there are many people who do not reckon with the enemy. And the enemy is not only carefully preparing small coups, but intends to undertake something worse. The enemy is changing his tactics. Above all, *since the Ebro fighting the Reds have been undermining the firm ground of our hinterland.* The enemy espionage is now working with means which appear to it most suitable and has contrived the most remarkable contacts in order to obtain confidential information. Of late our authorities have discovered many dangerous individuals working under various guises. Never before have the efforts of the Reds in this direction been so considerable. We must not close our eyes to reality.

If we take this statement with the news appearing just before Christmas in the most responsible sections of the British press, it is clear that events are moving rapidly in the fascist rearguard. Indeed, there is an impressive body of evidence that the Franco authorities are steadily losing control. On December 8, for instance, there was such a serious military uprising in Orense Province that considerable detachments of troops had to be sent from Salamanca to suppress it. Three days later, as a result of another rebellion by professional soldiers and Falangists in Segovia, a large number of military leaders were discharged, among them six colonels. At dawn, five days after that, the thunder of artillery and the rattle of machine guns was heard for about an hour around Pamplona.

Meanwhile, general hostility against foreigners and especially against Italians, who are correctly regarded as responsible for the decision to intensify aerial terror against the republican rearguard, has assumed such dimensions that in San Sebastian, for example, no Italian now ventures out after dark, while many dead Italians are found every morning in that "nationalist" Spain.

If we recall that this "unrest" in Franco territory was responsible for holding up the "final" offensive, planned to begin December 15, until—under direct instructions from Mussolini—it was finally begun December 23, Franco's decision to restore the property of ex-King Alfonso is seen as a decision forced upon him politically, as a frantic attempt to regroup the rebel forces around the dethroned royal house. Simultaneously, however, it is necessary to record that one of the ideas entertained by Chamberlain & Co. for settlement of the Spanish problem is that of establishing a "federal Spain" with a "constitutional monarchy." The "decomposition" in Franco territory is now being used in these circles as an added reason for pushing forward this scheme. However, the magnificent morale and unity which exist in republican Spain will make it extremely difficult for Chamberlain, Mussolini, and their intriguing "mediators" to run very far with this hare. Even General Berti of the Italian expeditionary forces has been compelled to admit:

> The war will end some day. When? To prophesy is indeed difficult in the present circumstances. Perhaps the Bolshevik [sic] Spanish state will collapse; or perhaps unrest caused by failing morale or material will provoke the instability which might give Franco a victory by arms. No such conditions existed when I left Spain. [*Popolo D'Italia,* December 6.]

It is clear from these considerations, then, that some "success" at the expense of republican Spain is essential for Mussolini, Franco, and Chamberlain. The question is whether they will get it. Mussolini certainly is making no attempt to disguise that he is doing all in his power to prepare the ground for Chamberlain to repeat Munich. According to the London *Daily Telegraph* correspondent on the spot, the concentration of Italian artillery on the entire front is one gun every nine yards. Four Italian divisions—the Littorio and the Blue, Green, and Black Arrows—are in the front line, with at least two divisions in reserve—the Twenty-third of March and the Black Flame. It is openly admitted in Rome that in these divisions are the "veterans" who were supposed to have been withdrawn with the ten thousand several months ago. In addition, according to the same paper's Hendaye correspondent: "The Italian divisions have been provided from home with all the material their mechanized columns will require for many weeks."

There is no doubt, then, that Mussolini, remembering how the Aragon offensive in April was followed by the Anglo-Italian agreement, now hopes that the present offensive will obtain for Franco, and therefore for himself and the whole war axis, even bigger assistance from Chamberlain. In this connection it must be noted that he is receiving the active assistance of his partner in the axis. It is not accidental that very soon after the offensive began, Germany came out with a demand for more submarines and more cruisers, the real purpose of which is: to operate alongside of the Italians in the Mediterranean; to operate from Spanish, Portuguese, and West African bases against Atlantic shipping; and to operate in the North Sea and off the Irish coast for an eventual blockade of Britain.

Simultaneously and along with Italian pres-

"There it goes again!"

A. Ajay

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sure on France, Germany is openly demanding considerable sums of money from the City of London to bolster up her deteriorating financial position—a demand characteristically but thinly disguised under a request for assistance to "liquidate the refugee problem." However, the democratic peoples are not inactive. Mass pressure on Chamberlain demanding that he refuse to grant war rights to Franco—the same pressure which successfully prevented the granting of those rights after the Paris visit—has actually increased, with important conservative and business circles joining in. In France, developments at the time of cabling indicate that the representative parliamentary delegation to Spain—of influential center Catholic and Radical deputies—may very well compel the Daladier-Bonnet administration to adopt a firmer pro-republican policy.

And in all this the democratic forces have been considerably encouraged both by the resistance of the Spanish People's Army on the battlefields and President Roosevelt's courageous message to Congress, which made such a big impression here that even Chamberlain was forced to express—vaguely and hypocritically, of course—his "approval." But although this democratic pressure may be just sufficient at present to prevent any Munich in Rome at the expense of Spain, it will have to be increased a thousandfold if the diplomatic intrigues of Chamberlain and others who, as Secretary Ickes said, have sold their birthright to fascism, are to be defeated. For these intrigues will continue, as will the military pressure of the invading Italian legions on the republican defenses, for a long time. It is just because Rome may produce no positive results for the dictators and their allies that the threat of a new stage-managed four-power meeting in the coming months is greater now than ever.

The shadow of fascism's guns, one every nine yards along the Catalan front, falls ominously across the whole of democratic Europe and extends across the Atlantic. It is felt here that the greatest contribution the American people can make to the security of their own democracy and to the struggle to dispel those threatening shadows from the Western world would be speedily to effect that amendment of the Neutrality Act at which their President has hinted. Not to do so would be playing the game of Chamberlain and the fascist war axis. It would be anti-American. For Munichism is as anti-American as it is anti-British.

★

No Promised Land

OF THE 198,344 Italian workers who went to seek their fortune in Abyssinia after Mussolini's conquest of that country, 185,888, or 93 percent, have returned to Italy. According to *France Monde* of Paris, the workers preferred unemployment at home to the hardships they encountered in Il Duce's "promised land."

Meet the Italians

How Mussolini's "Volunteers" Are Recruited

SAM RUSSELL

Barcelona, January 8 (By Cable).

MY VISIT to the Italian prisoners taken in the course of the fighting on the Catalan front was a study of the types produced by fascism. At the same time it was a contrast in the treatment of war prisoners by the republic and by the Italians. Seeing the prisoners eating peacefully in the dining-hall barracks where they are, I was vividly reminded of the fate of a number of republican soldiers taken prisoner a few days ago by the Italians. After withstanding the enemy's constant artillery fire the whole morning on the hill, 390 republican troops were forced to withdraw from their positions. Reaching new positions, the republican soldiers were able to see how the Italians, on occupying the hill, had taken a number of their comrades. Every one of these republican soldiers was murdered on the spot, and this does not mean that they were simply shot. Before their comrades' eyes the Italians knifed every man who had fallen into their hands.

I saw only seventeen Italians taken prisoner. All were typical of those fighting against the republic, laying waste to Spain. The only lieutenant is Ladislau Edelstein, from the Tyrol. He changed his name to Tox Edilli, which sounds more Italian. A typical fascist functionary, he stated blatantly that he had come to Spain to fight against France and Britain, whose domination of the Mediterranean Mussolini was determined to end. A majority of the prisoners, however, are peasants. With no work or prospect of work in Italy, the men had to stand by and watch their families starve. Coming from rural districts of southern Italy, they know nothing of international affairs or politics. Their whole life is a constant struggle to obtain sufficient food to last the day out. They had heard vaguely of the war in Abyssinia. They soon found that in spite of the supposed victory, things became worse in Italy. Life was harder, work more difficult to find.

The result was that the peasants volunteered their service in Africa. Explaining this to me, they insisted they did not volunteer military service. Everybody said that work in Africa meant at least a possibility of living, so Pascual Cantoni, Giuseppe Barilli, and others in various parts of Italy volunteered to go to Africa. They left Italy and were taken to Spain. Mussolini found work for them—massacring Spain's sons, invading Spain's soil. This way Mussolini is forcing the Italian population into an enterprise it never wanted. Cantoni told how he had been forced into line at the point of a gun by the commandant. "There are thousands like me," he said. In the military prison at Vittorio alone are four thousand Italians who refused to go to the front to fight. "We didn't want war; we just wanted to live."

Among the rest of the prisoners a number were already in military service and were sent to Spain under orders. Sasa Scaini and Berta Morelli were called up for service and had no choice. They were not told their destination. The same is true of the soldiers in the Italian regular army. Leonardo Canini, a gunner of the Green Arrows, was told he was being sent to Africa, and many others were told the same thing. Few knew they were going to Spain to fight for Franco.

Speaking to conscripts, soldiers of the regular army, and peasants in Mussolini's invading army, I found the same ignorance of happenings in the world. There was not the slightest trace of political idealism among them. Fascism has reduced Italy's manhood to the animal level. Men seem deprived of reasoning power, and when I asked why Italy was intervening in Spain I was met either by a perplexed stare or by a half-digested phrase of fascist propaganda.

There is one further type in Mussolini's army—the criminal. Pietro Zigetti, of Cremona, was a chauffeur in his home town. Things were not good. Zigetti looked around to improve his position. Membership in the Fascist Party didn't bring much improvement, so he began illegal trading, first in cocaine, then in saccharine. He was caught by the police and sentenced to three years in prison. On his second day in jail he was informed that if he cared to volunteer in Spain his sentence would be annulled. So Pietro Zigetti, with two fellow-criminals both convicted of assault, presented themselves to the governor, who congratulated them on their patriotism. Murdering Spaniards is an easy way out of a prison sentence.

From this group of prisoners it is possible to see that Mussolini does not have the backing of the Italian people in his attack on Spain. He is reduced to shanghai-ing and recruiting criminals to obtain the men the fascist war machine needs for its plans. In this Mussolini is aided by ignorance. Toward the dissolution of this ignorance the efforts of the republican commissariat are directed. The first doubts crept into these men's minds; the first glimmerings of truth came from republican leaflets they picked up, showing how the man responsible for so much misery could be overthrown.

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Arms and the People

Resistance or Surrender

THEODORE DRAPER

MUCH has been learned since Munich but, in some circles, not enough. The truth emerges under the impact of the great betrayal. "Appeasement" is now a word of scorn; even Prime Minister Chamberlain has almost discarded it. For most people, the road to peace is no longer one humiliating surrender after another to the aggressors. In its stead has come a deep realization that peace is possible only through the sternest resistance. They now know that delay in meeting the issue has simply increased the cost of eventual resistance.

This is a vast improvement over the illusions current before Munich. But, in itself, it is no guarantee against future Munichs.

For the betrayal had a profound effect upon the relative position of the powers. The vassalage of Czechoslovakia, the economic bondage of Southeastern Europe, the reduction of France to second-rate status, the continued subservience of Britain—these things could not fail to change the balance of forces. The plain fact is that the democratic world now confronts the enemy on ground less favorable than before. By no means can the Third Reich rest secure with its booty; some of its difficulties increase with every victory. For the time being, however, its position has greatly improved.

The distinctive problem before us in the post-Munich world is that of armaments. The change in the balance of power has made this so, whether we like it or not.

Prior to Munich, the fascist axis, particularly Germany, had to retreat at the slightest show of political firmness by the democratic powers. This was vividly demonstrated on May 21 when the Czechs mobilized against a German invasion and were diplomatically upheld in Paris, London, and Moscow. Germany and its allies did not dare to face France and Britain together, let alone any front which included the Soviet Union, and possibly the United States, too. The fascist strength lay wholly in the divisions within democracy—thanks to the work of the international "fifth column"—not in its own military powers.

Under these circumstances, a show of *political* unity was enough to maintain peace. The odds against the fascist axis were too great.

This is no longer the case. It is possible, even probable, that political unity, even if achieved, would be ineffective in the next crisis, unless backed up by material force. The latter, in any case, is the only force which the fascists understand and respect. To be sure, the exact amount of new armaments necessary is a debatable question. The necessity for armaments is a political question which every citizen needs to decide for himself. The required amount and kind is a technical question which may be left largely to military experts, provided they are guided by the right objectives. Unfortunately, some military writers, like Major George Fielding Eliot, have tried to reduce the whole issue to a technical problem. They are in danger of making the same costly mistake as was made in France. The ordinary Frenchman was made to feel safe behind the old system of alliances and the Maginot Line. Then the betrayal of France's allies was consummated with a campaign that the Maginot Line was enough. Now that the allies are gone, faith in the Maginot Line has also vanished.

There is no special mystery about the need for armaments, if the connection between arms and politics is always kept in mind. The absolute pacifist makes quite as much a fetish of weapons as the narrowest-minded militarist. To both, guns are ends in themselves. One would never fight and the other would never stop fighting, as though intelligent people could accept either alternative. This fetishism places the pacifist in a peculiar dilemma. Many of them realize that if you outlaw resistance by arms, then you are bound to outlaw resistance by all other means too. An economic boycott may cause just as much human suffering, including death, as a battle, and its effects may be more prolonged. A moral torture can be as cruel as a bullet, and less swift. The logical result of pacifism is non-resistance and, indeed, pacifists who do a little thinking become non-resisters. For once we decide to resist, then we must choose our means for their economy and effectiveness. If we do not want to resist, every means is abhorrent.

The majority of people in the United States have made their choice, as indicated, to name but one source, in a recent *Fortune* survey. They want to resist. Their problem is to find the proper, the least costly, means. Is it abstract political unity by the democratic powers, unsupported by material force? Is it economic boycott? Is it by moral stigma alone? Is it by all these means, plus the military force necessary to enforce peace in a crisis? Obviously, if a moral stigma alone could gain our ends, then it would be foolish to resort to an economic boycott. Or, if a boycott would do, to build more airplanes.

The important thing is that the choice of means cannot be decided by sentiment or emotion. It requires a cool, positive estimate of the situation and practical ways of changing it in our favor.

If Munich and its aftermath has altered the balance of power, then let us say so. If the changed balance of power confronts us with a new problem, let us say so. If political unity without adequate armament is not enough to halt the fascist offensive, then we must act by that decision. Those who differ are obliged to analyze Munich differently or to propose other means. It is not enough for them to mumble old sophistries.

There are four things to remember about armaments after Munich. In these, I believe, is contained the proper perspective.

Practical Pacifism. The extreme pacifists in the democratic countries have struck up a peculiar community of interest with the fascists. They do not like to be told this but they have nothing to say against it. For the fascists are pacifists too. They are practical pacifists. They are pacifists where it will do them most good—on the other side. At the announcement of an American airplane building program, they display a shock and surprise equal to that of Frederick Libby, head of the National Council for the Prevention of War. They stand aghast, in the approved pacifist style, at every new French cruiser, unfortunately too few. They view with alarm any

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possibility that ordinary American boys will be able to handle a plane.

The absolute pacifist protests. His motives are incomparably higher. In Germany, he would be a pacifist too. Easily granted. But for those who reject pacifism, *for those who reject abject surrender to Hitlerism,* this difference in motive is less significant than the identity in practical effect. When you count the consequences, American pacifism is exactly the same as Nazi "pacifism."

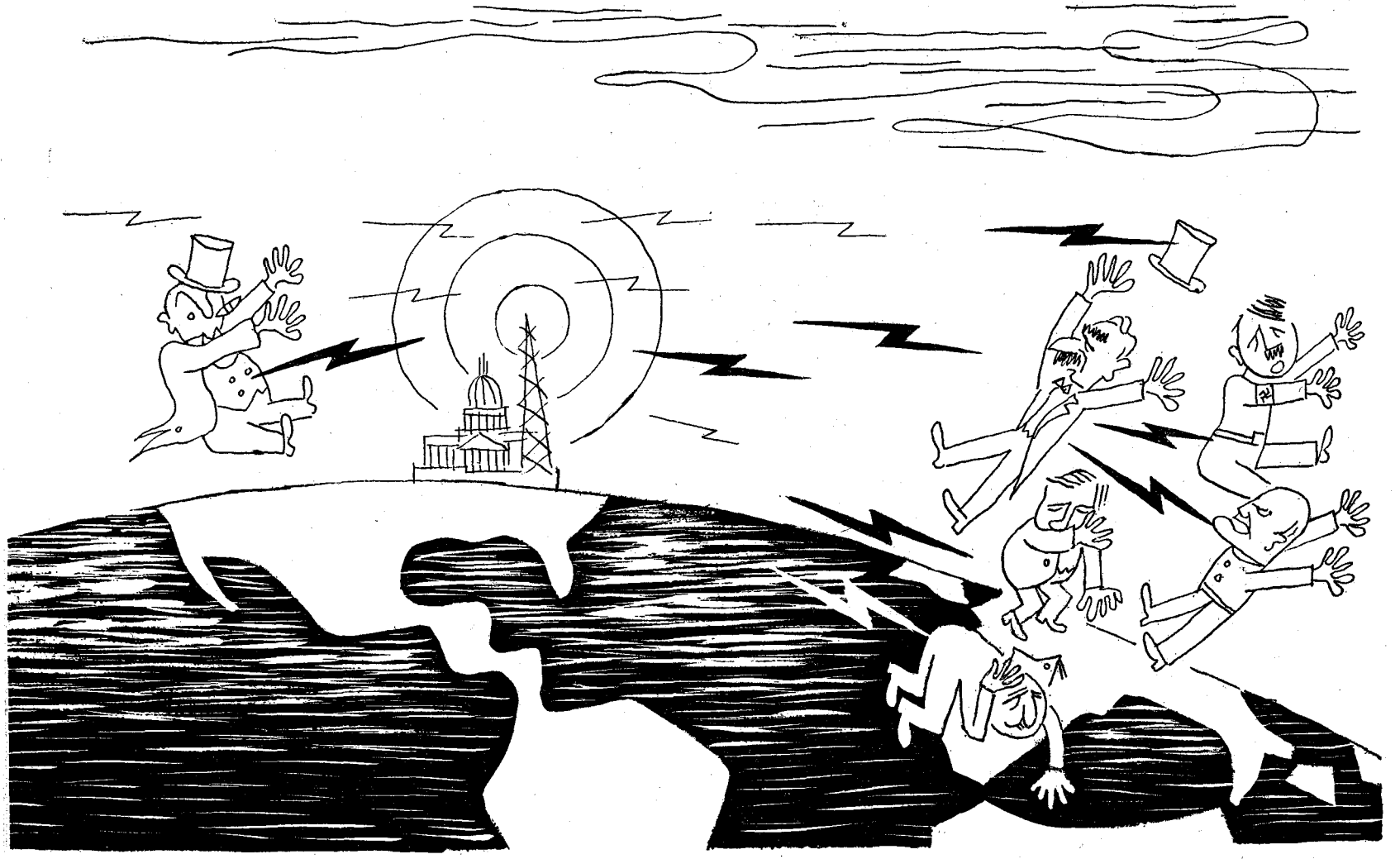
The Danger Zones. Munich's significance for America is not yet exactly understood. There is still some tendency to say: "But we are not Czechoslovakia." Of course not! In this fact lies our opportunity.

At Munich, Czechoslovakia was most immediately endangered. Its existence as an independent state was at stake. France was endangered but at a second remove. Its existence as a *great* power was at stake. Munich finished Czechoslovakia's independence. But it did more. France advanced into Czechoslovakia's previous position. Like Czechoslovakia before Munich, France is now fighting for its existence as an *independent* power. This is the meaning of Italy's demands for French territory. These constitute France's Sudetenland. If France cedes Corsica or Tunisia or, perhaps, even Jibuti, it will be reduced to Czechoslovakia's present position.

And Britain, after Munich, advanced into France's previous position. The British never played with their own diplomatic chips until Munich. What they always managed to give away was primarily a French sphere of interest, a French ally. Now the French have no more chips. They have only themselves, and the fascist axis has begun to aim at that too. But the British have plenty of chips. Their chief one is France itself, for with France gone, Britain is defenseless. Denmark's Schleswig-Holstein is to Britain approximately what Austria was to France. And so on.

The United States has tended to advance into Britain's previous position. This accounts for the sudden nervousness in Washington over Latin America. The American stand at Lima was no unaccountable crankiness. It was forced upon the Roosevelt administration by the altered circumstances of the post-Munich world. Fortunately for us, we are not yet Czechoslovakia, or France, for that matter, so we will still have time to reenforce our national security. But that security was vitally endangered at Munich because we advanced a step into the danger zone. We can hold our present position only if France and Britain hold theirs, which, in a deeper sense, means only if Spain and China hold theirs. We advanced into the war zone as a result of the betrayal of Czechoslovakia, and we will again with Spain or China unless we increase our aid to those countries. The democratic powers are like the runners in a baseball game. They advance together.

Who Supports Armaments? At first thought, the armament problem confronts us with an enormous paradox. The biggest reactionaries in the democratic countries are the least ardent supporters of rearmament, in many cases the most vitriolic opponents. Some case histories are useful. Lord Londonderry is one of the ranking pro-Hitlerists in England. He was air minister until about three years ago. A scandal suddenly separated him from office. It was learned that he was aware of German superiority in the air, kept it a secret, and prevented Parliament from remedying the situation. Baldwin, then prime minister, had to let him go. The present French air minister, Guy la Chambre, is another example. He is an absolute incompetent, knows nothing of military affairs. He is a rich man and takes Daladier shrimp-fishing on a luxurious yacht. His record has been raked in the Chamber. Yet he remains. Or again, the remarkable laxity in British rearmament. It has been promised again and again, always falsely. Even the gas masks that were given out to raise the war panic in the week before Munich were useless, as government spokesmen had to admit before Parliament. A final exhibit: Major Gen. George



The President Talks to Congress

Ad Reinhardt

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Van Horn Moseley, USA, retired. He made a speech before the National Association of Manufacturers which for venom and viciousness exceeded anything of the sort in recent history. Since he is a retired general, a passionate defense of sky-high armaments should have come from him. Instead, he denounced the Roosevelt armament program in the most bitter language, with an argument reminiscent of Mr. Libby.

The paradox is easily resolved if we reject the fetishism of arms. These men, Londonderry, la Chambre, Moseley, are the veterans of the international "fifth column." Their aim is to keep democracy craven until it can be crushed. This is the "new treason," a phenomenon unknown in 1914. Their encouragement of disorder keeps their countries politically weak. When that is not enough, their next step is to keep the country materially weak in order to spread defeatism. When the fascist axis was new, these people dissipated the will to resist by pleading that it was not necessary. Now that the axis has gained strength, they dissipate the will to resist by inferring that it is no longer possible.

From beginning to end, their aim is the same: to keep the democracies weak. Weakness leads to subservience. Subservience leads to slaughter.

These people are reactionaries. We are accustomed to think that all reaction automatically supports increased armaments. This is thinking in a groove, bad thinking. Reaction makes no such fetish of arms. It supports armaments when that suits its purposes, otherwise it sabotages and betrays. It is a mistake to think that the fascists in America want a big air force in order to hand it over to Hitler. They take no such chances. They want us to have the poorest possible air force. This would be enough to give the fascist axis permanent supremacy. And that is why Londonderry acted as he did.

William R. Castle, assistant secretary of state in the Hoover Cabinet, recently did a Londonderry. He criticized Mr. Roosevelt's armament program on the ground that fascist aggression in Latin America was "a danger really non-existent." More of this may be expected as time goes on. Those who belittle the fascist danger will discourage armaments.

This is the attitude of the most reactionary, pro-fascist sections of the capitalist class. It should be borne in mind, however, that American capitalism is less united on foreign than on domestic policy. There are important capitalist groups which are more sensitive to the fascist threat to their immediate national interests and therefore tend to favor, to a greater or lesser degree, firmer policies in relation to the aggressor governments.

Armaments and Politics. Those who deal in absolutes, pacifists and militarists alike, take strength in simplicity. A bare yes or no is their ideal. The world about them moves but they stay fixed. They get that way because they consider armaments in utter isolation. They either separate armaments from politics or they make armaments dominate over politics. In either case, the living situation is ignored, no matter how it changes. All that matters is the physical existence of the weapon.

Once this fetishism of arms is renounced, the entire issue becomes more complex and more realistic. The important thing is not the arms but the uses to which they are put. In themselves, armaments will not protect lives or save liberties. They are good only to have on your side. If but we realized this as do the fascists! They make no fetish of arms. They build up their own and try to deprive us of ours. Goering does one and Londonderry the other.

Common sense would seem to dictate a more complicated course. There is no security except in an aroused people whose democratic will finds practical expression in the policy of its government. To some extent, this is true in the United States today. It is not entirely true and the future is problematic. If politics and armament could be separated, then it might be proper to get full political guarantees in this decade, wait, and build arms in the next decade. Since they cannot, the two must go together. Indeed, it will do no good to get political guarantees at this time if there is not the power to back it up. The fascist axis wants democracy divided, but if it cannot have it divided, then it will be satisfied to keep it weak.

The uppermost issue, then, is not that of arms. Just as there was no security for the French in the Maginot Line after a servile government betrayed its allies, so there will be no security for Americans in twenty thousand planes or fifty thousand planes if the embargo against the Spanish republic is not lifted, if cooperation with the peace forces of the world, including the Soviet Union, is not established, and if the effort begun at Lima is not pursued. And there will be no national security against dangers from abroad without the creation of a greater measure of social security at home. President Roosevelt, in his opening message to Congress, admirably expressed this interrelationship between foreign policy, armaments, and social security.

When I was in Europe several months ago, before Munich, I noticed that intelligent people there thought differently about peace and war from intelligent people here. In America, people thought of peace in the abstract. The ordinary, sensitive Czech, for example, never used the word without deeper meaning. He was convinced that Hitler would not be satisfied unless Czechoslovakia was dismembered and destroyed. If Hitler failed, it would be a blow, possibly irreparable, to German fascism and its allies. He also knew that Hitler did not intend to fight, unless the odds were heavily in his favor.

So peace, to these Czechs was charged with grave consequences. Somebody would have to pay for it: Hitler or Benes, fascism or democracy. Thus there arose the expression, an "Austrian peace," meaning a peace of enslavement. The Czechs did not shudder at the prospect of war, once it was close. It was better than cowardice. They honored the Spaniards and the Chinese for their resistance, and the overwhelming majority of Czechs wanted to follow their example.

Every country in the position of Czechoslovakia-before-Munich is confronted with this choice. It is ugly but no less real. It would be nice to avoid it but Munich has made this difficult, if not impossible. The alternative is a world of illusion, to be rudely burst by another and another crisis. As a nation advances into the danger zone, its people tend to recognize the concrete alternatives as resistance or surrender. Until Munich, there was a simple connection between resistance and peace. A show of political resistance would have been enough to maintain peace. After Munich, the democratic world can still enforce peace but the price has risen. It needs material might and a readiness to use it. If this is not done, then the balance of power will change again. When that happens, the problem which confronts us now will seem childishly easy.

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Unity in France

INDICATIONS that an important new development is taking place in Radical Socialist circles toward the creation of a broad government of National Union around the Popular Front are revealed in an outspoken article in the Radical Socialist paper, *L'Oevre*.

Paul Bastid, former finance minister in Radical and Popular Front governments, declares himself in favor of a government of this character, and categorically states that out of the present muddle "one point alone is clear. That is that we cannot unite with those who look for unity only against the working class, against the forward wing of democracy." M. Bastid continues:

> The bridges must be established as soon as possible. Right-wingers, who are not confined to purely party considerations, themselves admit that the country cannot be governed without the adherence of the popular organized masses.
>
> In order that the whole of the nation accept the sacrifices which the situation demands, the support of those who have the closest and most direct touch with these masses is indispensable.
>
> This is not to say that it is necessary to govern against the other elements. The most qualified representatives of the working class have not ceased to proclaim their desire to see born under the dramatic pressure of events a government of public salvation or French unity. In whatever manner this government is conceived, it is clear that one cannot and must not exclude them.

Referring to the recent vote in the Chamber, M. Bastid said most of the Radicals who voted for the government were far from easy "with the exception of those who are essentially anti-Marxist and always have been. But in every department where there is an organized right-wing movement, the Radicals most favorable to the present policy recoil when it comes to having to choose between a permanent alliance with the Croix de Feu and breaking with former friends."

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War and the Press

A Brief Examination of the Realities Behind the Cables

CARL MACAULEY

DURING the past three years war has been flourishing all over our battle-scarred planet. Ideals, treaties, great cities, peaceful countrysides, and a great many individual human beings have been ardently destroyed. Just as fervently an army of correspondents have been trailing the fantastic spectacle, to tell us how it is done.

From their trek into Africa with Mussolini, where the campaign proved less spectacular than a sham battle put on by the Michigan National Guard at a summer encampment, they took foot to China and Spain. There was no doubt that these were wars. Some of the boys sent out to cover them have been killed. Bombs have dropped right in front of their cameras. Machine-gun bullets have practically punctuated their stories. They have been under fire and in air raids.

They have caught the bloody juggernaut on the run. But a graphic, living description of the thing seemed to stick in the teeth of their typewriters. Their leads still hark back to Richard Harding Davis. With few notable exceptions "Your Correspondent," although he has probably looked war in the face at closer range than any of his predecessors, can't put it down on paper for what it really is today—a hideously stupid, fascist-made blight of dreary horror.

Those few notable examples, however, should inspire the men following the wars to a new tradition. The reporting of Herbert Matthews, of Ernest Hemingway, for the commercial press, and the correspondence of an entire group of men for the working-class press in France, the Soviet Union, England, America afford examples aplenty to which the ever growing body of war reporters can look for guidance.

Let us, for the moment, ignore the correspondents of the Carney caliber. These latter are simply penmen for the war lords, fascist-minded publicity men in uniform. But consider the whole group of newer men going out for the press services, the large newspapers of America and the world. These latter who often honestly wish to present the truth are guided by a hidebound tradition that robs their reports of the gist of truth—though they may accurately tell you how many kilometers the front is from the capital, what rivers are crossed, and all the jargon of military correspondence.

Correspondents sent to cover the side of the dictators have a doubly hard assignment. They face not only shell and bomb but the ruthless censorship of Burgos or Tokyo. Theirs is even a greater responsibility. If they are honest men, with the welfare of humanity in mind, they dare not truckle to the needs of the destroyers of peace.

But too often when they refuse to send mere handouts for dictators, they lose themselves in a cloud of esoteric interpretations of various movements and tactics.

They seem to miss all the intimate butchery and gory reality. This is all the more difficult to understand when it is remembered that their stories emanate from the very "seat" of action. Although the copy is most generally filed from an "advanced position," no doubt under great danger to the author, the running story always retreats to the zone of complete detachment. Franco "closes in on Barcelona," he "seizes" a town, he proceeds with "mopping up" operations, or he advances toward the next "objective."

To state tersely that Franco "closes in," when in reality he has bombed, blasted, butchered his way in, makes a journalistic liaison with barbarism. When a town is "seized" the import is not given, particularly if one considers how a few words could amplify the term by describing just what it means to have the freedom and life of a community dependent on some military dullard with the color of blood in his bulbous eyes.

Does "mopping-up operations" signify anything when it comes over the cables? As a a catch-phrase in a running news account it becomes one of those sluggish, camouflaged terms of war that have no meaning at all. Easy to read and easy to write, it is passed over as some trivial item incidental to the big story at hand. And that, no doubt, is the manner in which it has been tossed off in the interview up at "headquarters." But cursory as it is to the trussed-up members of a fascist GHQ, it could be defined more pertinently for the general public. If it means anything at all, it means: the pointing finger of the informer; the doom of a captured squad out digging their own graves; the futile flight of those unfortunate enough to find themselves stranded and alone as the "mopping up" detail seeks them out with a prodding machine gun. It may look all right in the morning edition, but "mopping up" is a phony. It is just another of those catch-phrases of war which are a smokescreen for savagery. It is a journalistic gas mask that makes it possible for us to read of corroding acts of hate as we butter our toast and sip our breakfast coffee.

When a battery of Nipponese artillery belches forth a barrage of death and destruction; when a fleet of bombers, like rockets of doom, sweep low to let go with a burst of bombs, unleashing a torrent of hell on earth; when a panic-stricken populace rushes about in an insane scramble for shelter where there is no shelter to be found—a "big push" is on. That smouldering pyre was a home. That cavernous hole was a street. That blotch of blood and flesh on the side of a wall was a mother and child. With maniacal thoroughness a city has been wiped out. The next morning we will get it all in one word. Japan has reached another "objective." The time, the exact military maneuver, the troops involved, will all be there in detail. But the really important thing, the brutal reality of war, will be missing.

A thousand men marked for death in a distant trench become the enemy's "flank." When they have been properly mowed down like mustard in a wheatfield, the stories will cover all the mutilated flesh with the notation that the "flanking movement" was successful or that the enemy was being "squeezed." When a pouchy brass-hat looks over a map and decides to "straighten out the line," the boys, now properly initiated in the legerdemain of the howitzer mind, nod knowingly and their copy will repeat the phrase. They may be aware of the breathless fury of the hand-to-hand attack it so adroitly cloaks: the bursting hand grenades, the pointblank firing, the madly swung rifle butts, and the ferocious thrusts of the bayonet into the lower abdomen, but all the reader will learn of such a maneuver is the bold statement of the buzzard-eyed brigadier that he is going to "straighten out the line."

The men out covering the wars do so at great personal hazard and deserve every bit of credit for their bravery and fortitude. Unfortunately they are victims of the great tradition. As the wars are prolonged the casualties become more numerous, the scareheads smaller, and the reader more case-hardened. The journals have goosestepped him so often through the lexicon of the General Staff, that he does not even read the stuff any longer. He has become disinterested and cynical, and an aroused public opinion, the most potent weapon against war, is being lost.

And wars today are not the business alone of the men at the front. The woman and man in the rearguard can determine whether the war will be won or lost. The political and social realities behind the howitzers have the final say in the wars of 1939.

War correspondents who do not realize this cannot depict reality. The unity behind Chiang Kai-shek today is as responsible for the splendid resistance of the Chinese armies as any army corps and its accompanying paraphernalia of cannon, airplanes, machine guns—which, God knows, they have little enough of.

And no man purporting to write the truth about the wars of today dare overlook the essential of our times: wars are begun by the dictatorships and peace is defended by the democracies. If this is understood, the rest falls in line. Otherwise there is confusion, cloudy writing, or worse, outright falsity—all of which plays into the hands of those who wish to perpetuate war.

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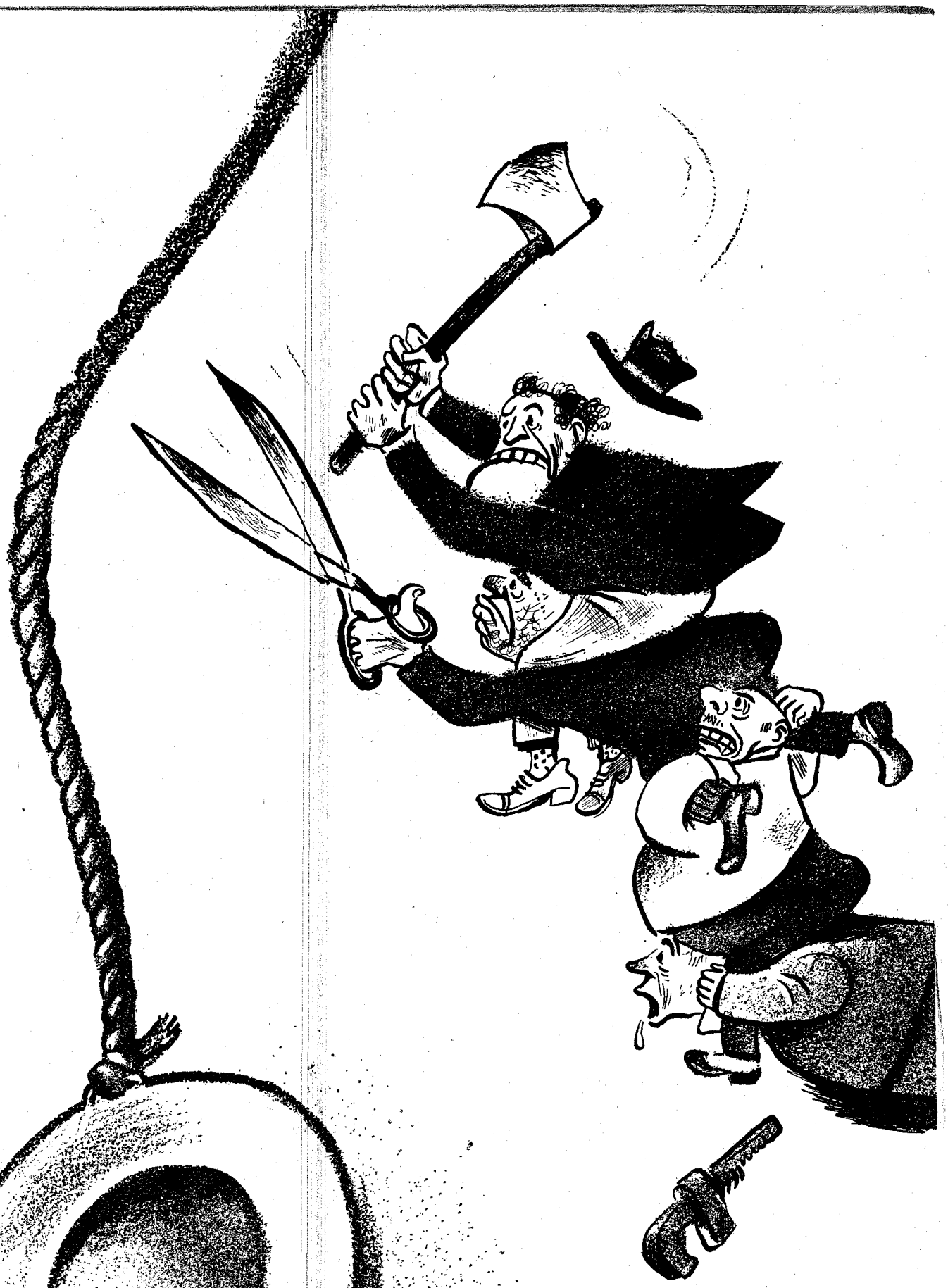

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A Task for America

WHEN President Roosevelt delivered his opening message to the 76th Congress, the world stopped to listen in anxious expectancy. And to the world — the post-Munich world—anguished, teetering over the abyss of war and enslavement, there came not simply words but the very breath of freedom, the banner of a new courage, the armor of democracy strong and unafraid. It was not only Mr. Roosevelt's greatest speech, but in all probability the greatest utterance that has come from any President of the United States since Lincoln's Second Inaugural. Great not by virtue of its verbal felicities—the President has on occasion touched loftier rhetorical peaks—but in the completeness with which words proved equal to humanity's great need. The President has pointed the way. American and world democracy has a program of action.

That program of action, as the President outlined it, has two parts, one dealing with foreign affairs and the other with domestic policy. The reactionary press and the Garner-Hoover coalition in Congress have already launched a campaign to undermine this program by professing to support one part while opposing the other. But the chief point of Mr. Roosevelt's message was that these are two parts of an indivisible whole—the seamless web of national and social security.

In his discussion of the world situation the President went beyond his famous quarantine-the-aggressors speech of October 1937. He not only reaffirmed the readiness of the United States "to take counsel with all other nations of the world to the end that aggression among them be terminated," but for the first time publicly criticized the neutrality laws and intimated that they should be amended to make possible economic sanctions against the aggressor. Those progressives who for more than two years have advocated revision and enlisted wide support for the O'Connell Peace Bill can now take heart that they have as their powerful ally the President of the United States. The announcement by Senator Pittman that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, of which he is chairman, will start hearings on the Neutrality Act gives hope that before long the full weight of this country's influence and authority will be officially thrown behind a positive peace policy. And such a policy must, of course, include the lifting of the Spanish embargo which does exactly what the President condemned in the neutrality laws as a whole: it gives aid to the aggressor while denying it to the victim.

It is significant that in his discussion of national security Mr. Roosevelt dealt with foreign policy first and military defense second. This is as it should be. Adequate armaments are essential in the post-Munich world, but they must be used to implement a policy designed to place effective economic and political checks on fascist aggression. Armaments that support any other kind of policy can only serve reactionary ends.

President Roosevelt epitomized the second part of his program of action in the following words: "Our nation's program of social and economic reform is . . . a part of defense as basic as armaments themselves."

To the tories, any such idea is tantamount to waving the red flag. Some, like the Hearst newspapers and Gen. Hugh Johnson, have even echoed the Nazi and Italian press by charging that Roosevelt is war-mongering in order to provide a smokescreen for driving through a subversive domestic program. This is the kind of intimation of treason so fashionable among the professional Roosevelt-haters.

The President has followed his defense of the present rate of social expenditures with a special relief message urging a deficiency appropriation of $875,000,000 to carry the WPA through the five months beginning February 1. This is hardly adequate and will involve the dropping of more than 300,000 workers off WPA rolls by June. Both the Workers Alliance and the CIO have urged an appropriation of $1,000,000,000 and this is the figure that progressives will press for. At the same time, the President's request was a blow to the reactionaries who are demanding an appropriation of only $500,000,000. This would mean a 50 percent slash in WPA and would involve a reduction of purchasing power that would adversely affect not only the unemployed, but the employed workers, small business men, professionals, and farmers.

Relief looms as the chief issue around which the battle lines are forming in Congress. But as David Lasser, president of the Workers Alliance, has emphasized—and President Roosevelt seems to agree—this is more than a relief issue; it is a question of national defense.

And finally, to defeat the forces of reaction and intolerance at home and abroad, to win the race "to make democracy work," the President has urged, in both his opening message and in his Jackson Day speech, the utmost national unity behind the New Deal. In other words, democracy's program of action requires for its realization the creation of the democratic front of the vast majority of the people. In this hour of crisis the world looks to America, the birthplace of democracy, to take the lead.

Lehman's Message

GOVERNOR LEHMAN'S message to the State Legislature, like his inaugural address, properly sounds the note of defense of democracy. In a period when racial hatred is a national issue it is good to hear the governor urging the Legislature to put teeth into the new constitutional provision forbidding discrimination on the ground of race, color, or creed. His recommendation that this principle, now embodied in the law in reference to public utilities, be extended "to all corporations engaged in any business affected with a public interest" will be hailed by all progressives.

It is also good to know that the governor urges further legislation against searches, seizures, and wire tapping—all in the spirit of the Bill of Rights—and that he intends to carry on the fight waged in last year's State Constitutional Convention for such a proposal. His continuance of the battle to retain public control of the Niagara Falls and St. Lawrence River waterpower resources is deserving of the widest support. One wishes, however, that the governor would realize as clearly as does President Roosevelt that "to preserve and strengthen the basic structure of American democracy" more boldness is necessary in the fight against social misery. As yet Mr. Lehman has not spoken on relief—he will do so shortly in his budget message—and it is to be hoped that he will make it plain that the state will accept an increasing share of responsibility. Specifically, it is necessary that the municipalities, teetering on the edge of the financial abyss in many cases, be afforded more help from the state than was the case last year. The state must be prepared to pay 60 percent of the costs rather than the present 40 percent.

It is difficult to share the governor's feeling of "restraint" concerning the housing question. The slums are here—in New York, Buffalo, Rochester, and in Albany, in the very shadow of the capitol. What is needed, and needed quickly, is prompt enabling legis-

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lation by the Senate and the Assembly to permit the beginning of construction in the slum areas under the terms of the new constitutional amendment. Our legislative bodies have been altogether too "restrained" on this question for lo! these many years.

To effectuate the legislation desired by the governor and to adopt measures about which the governor is still hesitant, it will be necessary for the progressive forces of the state—labor, the farmers, and the city middle classes—to speak up. The recent proposals of the American Labor Party and the more comprehensive legislative program of the New York State Communist Party meet the needs of the situation effectively. It is to be hoped that forward-looking organizations, acting in unison, will make their voices heard on Capitol Hill this year. That will be the best guarantee that New York State will continue to be one of the most progressive in the Union.

Keeping the Bull Busy

FRANCO'S "Chamberlain offensive" is the toughest assignment he has set for himself since the war began. Its primary objective has already been lost—a smashing victory to present Mussolini when Chamberlain comes down from London. The government's program of "fortifications and more fortifications" has scotched the generalissimo's fondest plans.

Last March, when Franco drove to the sea from Belchite, the Italian legions goose-stepped through relatively defenseless country—once their heavy artillery had done the job. Today pill-boxes and barbed wire, machine-guns nests and blockhouses contest every kilometer of the way. Only when the barrage of Krupp guns becomes humanly unbearable—and today Franco has nine-inch cannon, World War size—do the loyalists retreat. And retreat is always orderly, each foot of which means countless fascist casualties along the 130-mile Catalan front from the Pyrenees to the Ebro. Retreat is always to another and stronger fortification—and the loyalists have reached their strongest set of defense works today.

As Britain's umbrella statesman took the rocky road to Rome loyalist armies pulled a Chamberlain offensive of their own. Five days after their drive in the Southwest opened they had advanced forty-five miles, taken thousands of prisoners, endangered the rich minelands of Pennaroya and Monterrubio on the Estramadura front. Loyalist guns booming at the Seville railroad which links northern Franco Spain with his South will be heard in Rome by both Mussolini and Chamberlain.

Though official Franco sources insist that the generalissimo would not weaken his offensive toward Tarragona, correspondents on both sides notice perceptible diminution in bombings and strafings.

General Modesto, the loyalist commander, told reporters recently he "would keep the bull busy" by thrusts "at the head and thrusts at the tail." The bull is being kept busy.

No Funds for Dies

AFTER hurriedly deleting the rawest anti-Semitic and anti-labor references, the Dies committee presented its report to Congress. The report was what everyone expected—a windy collation of fink opinion, DAR whisperings, and the uninteresting experiences of renegades. The proper business of the committee—the tracking down of fascist plots—was left virtually untouched. Indeed, the situation was so obvious that George E. Sokolsky, New York *Herald Tribune* columnist, blushed and reminded Mr. Dies and his witnesses to be a bit more subtle.

The Dies committee wants more funds. Specifically, it wants $150,000, six times its initial appropriation, to carry on a two-year study of what it chooses to call un-American activities. Mr. Dies claims that there remain hundreds of organizations to be probed and that it will take all the funds and time he asks.

About the extent of useful and necessary investigation Mr. Dies is probably right, but that he or his committee will ever get around to anything useful and necessary is, to say the least, dubious. The congressman who more than any other urged the formation of the Dies committee, Rep. Samuel Dickstein of New York, sees this, and he is leading congressional progressives in a fight against further appropriations. To this should be added the request for a bona fide, New Deal investigating committee that will leave Christopher Marlowe and Shirley Temple alone and search out the fascist forces, which really menace American democracy.

More for La Follette

WHILE the Dies committee has been trawling for red herrings, the La Follette civil-liberties committee has been going quietly about its business. Its business is still largely unfinished, and the tories are eager to have it stay that way. Progressives should urge their representatives to vote further appropriations for the La Follette committee that it may carry on its investigation, particularly the California probe, which was doing a fine job on a Chamber of Commerce outfit whimsically called Associated Farmers. Wire or write Senators Alben Barkley, Elbert Thomas, Robert La Follette, and your own senators your approval of the La Follette committee.

Lochinvar in Russia

LOVE, announced the New York *Times* last week, is another institution that gets kicked around in the Soviet Union. The *Times* was thinking of a thirty-seven-year-old English petroleum engineer named Bryan Grover who violated the Soviet border by flying over it in an airplane. Mr. Grover was coming to rescue his Russian wife from whom he had been separated since 1934 when he married her in Baku. Mr. Grover took six weeks of flying lessons, bought himself an aerial jitney, and zoomed off from Sweden to land on a collective farm near Moscow. Harold Denny reported that the ardent husband had been fined 1,500 rubles and that he would probably never rejoin his wife again. The *Times* editorial writer hinted darkly that love would emerge triumphant in the day of reckoning that will come for the USSR.

But a few days later Mr. Denny reported to the same paper that everything had turned out all right; the impetuous Grover had made Moscow laugh and his wife, the beauteous Elena Petrovna Golius, had been given an English visa, to go back with her tweedy Lochinvar. All that was missing in this little drama was Victor Moore, and for the sake of the appropriate, the story of *Leave It to Me* might have been changed to allow Ambassador Moore to kick the editorial writer of the *Times*. We dare say this would guarantee at least an extra year's run for the popular musical comedy.

For Peace and Democracy

THE fifth American Congress for Peace and Democracy reflected the growing strength and unity of the movement behind the New Deal program for social and national security. Meeting in Washington only a few days after the President's message, 1,255 delegates from over a thousand national, district, and state organizations endorsed a peace policy based on the distinction between the aggressor and peaceful nations, as well as a comprehensive domestic policy based on the extension of New Deal legislation.

The credentials of this year's congress showed a great increase in the League's numbers and influence. The representation at last year's Pittsburgh congress was 4,025,000. The delegates at Washington represented seven and a half million people. The labor delegation was particularly strong, including fifteen international unions and 275 local organizations. Delegates from youth, religious, women's, Negro, political, cultural, fraternal, and professional groups, from every section of the country, gave the congress an unmistakably representative character.

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The congress called for the lifting of the embargo on Republican Spain and the declaration of an embargo on Germany, Italy, and Japan. The President's good-neighbor policy was endorsed. The congress pointed out that an arms program could not be a substitute for a peace program based on concerted action against the warmakers.

Protesting the un-American activities of the Dies committee, Dr. Harry F. Ward, national chairman of the American League, submitted an affidavit exposing the lies of J. B. Matthews and others who had charged that the League's policies were dictated by Moscow. At the same time, the congress expressed its support for the La Follette committee as a genuine fact-finding body.

The congress will serve as an impetus to the democratic and peace forces in America.

Protest the Cuts

THE dismissal of fifteen hundred WPA arts project workers in New York is a blow not only to the people directly involved in the cut, but to the cultural projects in general. It is a serious symptom of the pressure which reactionaries are bringing to bear against the achievement of WPA in the arts. As the work of the Dies committee showed, the enemies of WPA regard the cultural projects as the first objective in their larger campaign against federal relief. Success for them along this front will be the signal for a concerted attack on the other projects.

Our readers do not have to be convinced of the splendid work which has been done by writers, dancers, artists, musicians, and theater workers under WPA. The large attendance at federal concerts and plays testifies to the public's appreciation of the projects. It is now up to the public to protest vigorously against the dismissal of WPA arts workers.

Felix Frankfurter

FELIX FRANKFURTER'S appointment completes the formation of the first liberal-controlled Supreme Court since the Civil War. It should bring to an end the constitutional manipulation begun by corporation lawyers in the 1890's. Together with the recent appointments to the Cabinet of Harry Hopkins and Frank Murphy, the designation of Frankfurter is clear intimation by the President that he is determined to continue on his progressive course despite the opposition of the tory forces in both major parties.

No man is more needed on the bench than Professor Frankfurter. To it he brings a rich scholarship and a wide training in public life. A recognized authority on administrative law, he may teach his colleagues a sympathetic understanding of the administrative process. His court will pass upon the constitutionality of the Wages-and-Hours Act. It will also determine seven Labor Board cases including one involving the NLRB's right to order the reinstatement of sitdown strikers. Professor Frankfurter, co-author of *The Labor Injunction,* in which he attacked that signal weapon of judicial aggression, will decide whether the federal courts may disregard the Norris-LaGuardia Anti-Injunction Act—as was recently done in the Donnelly Garment case.

The judges in the Third Circuit may well hesitate before reversing the CIO injunction against Hague, for the defender of Sacco and Venzetti will be sitting in review. He will also hear the Strecker case which, if unfavorably decided, may be used as the basis for an attempt to deport Harry Bridges and may lead to an anti-Communist witch-hunt resembling that of the 1920's. Labor has reason to rejoice at the appointment of a man who has said that "the resistance to a natural and responsible trade unionism has been one of the most disturbing factors in our economy."

There is, however, no guarantee against the court's future interference with legislative action. Later Presidents will appoint other justices; and even liberal justices have been known to change. The fight for legislation and constitutional amendment to curb the court's power must go on.

Japan's Political Unrest

THE fall of the Konoye Cabinet marks another sag in the steadily weakening structure of Japanese fascist imperialism. It was under Prince Konoye that the undeclared war against China was begun in July 1937. His replacement by the more rabid fascist, Baron Hiranuma, is another expression of the growing political crisis which the Japanese samurais and militarists are attempting to surmount by more extreme measures. The retention of Prince Konoye as minister without portfolio and of the majority of his Cabinet is merely an effort to preserve the fiction of national unity in face of mounting unrest.

This marks the second Japanese Cabinet crisis within the past year. Early last summer, in the wake of the serious blow dealt to Japanese military prestige by the Chinese victory at Taierhchwang, a reshuffling of the Cabinet brought into the ruling cabal four new figures, three of them generals, including the fire-eating Araki, and the fourth a prominent representative of big business. The new difficulties of the Japanese war machine, which is bogged deep in China despite the capture of Canton and Hankow, have precipitated a new crisis, the first intimation of which was the resignation on September 30 of General Ugaki as foreign minister.

Undoubtedly the blunt United States note refusing to recognize Japan's right to slam shut the Open Door, and the extension of American credits to China were factors in hastening the maturing of this latest Cabinet crisis. The attempt to use the treason of Wang Ching-wei to disrupt the unity of the Chinese people having failed, Prince Konoye had to be eliminated to permit a free hand to the militarist party which demanded the imposition of all the provisions of the National Mobilization Law and the adoption of an even more uncompromising attitude toward other powers. Which ought to be a hint to our own government, particularly after President Roosevelt's message to Congress: If protest notes are to mean anything, back them up with action—an embargo on Japan.

Lift That Embargo!

THE final drive to lift the unjust and illegal embargo placed upon the recognized government of republican Spain has begun.

Representatives from 274 national organizations met last Monday in Washington to demand that our government fulfill the President's program to combat the aggressor fascist nations; to aid our fellow democracy, republican Spain invaded by Mussolini and Hitler. These representatives contained many American Catholics and represented hundreds of thousands more. They spoke the viewpoint of those 76 percent of the American people whom the Gallup poll showed to be on the side of democracy in Spain.

On the same day, the pro-fascist supporters of the embargo that ties the hands of the Spanish people, met under the leadership of a group of clerics who see eye to eye with those rebellious Spanish bishops who supported the fascist and Nazi attack upon the Spanish republic, a government that was recognized as legitimate by the Vatican itself. They no more represent Catholic or democratic principles than Martin Dies as a Democrat represents the aims of the New Deal.

This pro-fascist clique must be overwhelmed by the millions of us who know what fascism means and are not deceived by its devices.

NOW—let each reader of NEW MASSES sit down and write a letter to the caongress of the United States, to his and her representative to demand that the illegal and unjust embargo against the Spanish republic be lifted. Your sympathy is not enough, your charity to the women and children of Spain is not enough; your action now can set the course of democracy in Spain and America. Sit down and write!

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Forsythe's Page

Gimme the Old Wood-Burners!

You can have your streamlined, platinum-finished railroad trains, you modern science fanatics; I'll take the old wood-burners, which allowed a man to get a full view of Kansas. One could go to California from Chicago in those times in approximately twelve days, with the fireman tossing an occasional oak log in the firebox and for the rest leaning casually out of the cab window, spitting tobacco juice on pedestrians who strayed too close to the company property.

The purpose of a train trip now is to get somewhere rapidly, which is all wrong. A long journey is only bearable when it takes weeks and allows one to get acquainted with his fellow travelers. Not content with spoiling the finest adventure of a man's life by making it too brief, they have taken away the Pullman smoking compartment and practically eliminated all human contact. You are allowed to sit now in what is called the club car—a place where pathetic looking individuals sink despondently into their chairs soon after the train leaves Chicago and look suspiciously across the aisle at their train companions for the rest of the journey. Occasionally a breezy gentleman comes bustling in with the intention of breaking down the barriers but he is soon reduced to a broken figure looking moodily into his whisky-and-soda. By the time he reaches Albuquerque he is in a state of decay, being willing to join any of the Pueblo tribes out of a feeling of despair.

In short, science has ruined travel in this country. No longer is it possible for political experts to write long articles on the state of the nation, basing their findings on what a shoe salesman from Terre Haute said to them in the smoking compartment between Louisville and Cincinnati. As a matter of truth, there was never anything but nonsense spoken in any smoking-car encounter I ever had. What I heard was what O. O. McIntyre or Paul Mallon had written several days previously. During the happy days of the twenties, when a man with a brain was immediately suspected of criminal activity, it was generally agreed by all the gentlemen who sat about in the smoking compartment in their suspenders that Cal Coolidge was just about all right. Nothing spectacular but sane and sound—good old Cal. It was also the opinion of my countrymen that America was a pretty darned good place and had nothing to be ashamed of from anybody.

This may be true but it is also true that nothing but a giant conflagration will help our Midwest and parts of the Far West. I mean that the WPA has its work cut out for it for centuries and any man who says otherwise has no genuine desire to help America. This is said with no intention of belittling the Midwest or to make mock of our country; it is merely a statement of a fact which becomes cruelly apparent to anyone who keeps his eyes peeled to the car window while riding over these United States.

There are literally thousands of little towns which could be beautiful spots if they hadn't been spoiled. The East has its share of them, too, but there is always something to break the monotony of that particular ugliness. Even the hideousness of western Pennsylvania—the coal and iron towns—is so spectacular, so impossibly horrible, that there is a bit of grandeur about it.

In the Midwest, there is no saving grace. There are hundreds of miles of drab villages with not a trace of distinction about them. The French have a way of draping the houses of a village about one another in a manner which gives an air of coziness and livableness but we do nothing but set a town down in straight lines, with the usual street of clapboard stores and, trailing off from that, the customary lines of square, unpainted wooden dwellings.

I mention this because I have been traveling by such towns for the past eight hours, fascinated and a bit heartsick by the sight. And to complete the picture I overheard two men talking in the club car shortly after we left Chicago. (This does not spoil my theory about club cars because these two were traveling together.) We had just passed a highway bridge with the accustomed WPA sign on the side, and they looked at this with open sneers.

"Next," said the thin dry one, "they'll be paving the back yards and the alleys; they won't have anything else to do."

It was at this moment that I felt the necessity of going over and talking with my newfound friends, club car or not, but I did my best in a surreptitious way to get the brass ashtray loose from the floor, and failed. Conversation with these fine business associates would have been useless without the aid of science and I refrained.

However, it got me started on the needs of America and I could see from the car window a program for this country which would keep the unemployed busy for generations. I don't know how long it would take to give the United States a fresh coat of paint but that alone is a life work and the greatest duty I can think of. Town after town is filled with weatherbeaten houses which have seen no paint since they were built thirty years ago. The effect is one of deadly drabness, giving the appearance of deserted villages. Perhaps I am wrong in thinking that the look of these villages is enough to depress the spirits of the inhabitants but there can surely be no pride and no ambition in such surroundings.

If this is true of the Midwest, what is one to say of the South? I had heard about this section, had seen plays like *Tobacco Road,* had read books and newspaper reports about the sharecroppers, but it is only when these sights are seen that even a faint idea of the hopelessness is realized. On one occasion the bus on which I was riding was detoured off the main highway by road repairs and we drove for twenty miles through the back country. There seemed to be about an equal number of white and Negro families in that section, both poorer than anything we can imagine even among the slums, but what struck me most harshly was the houses without windows. Does that mean anything to you? Little one-room huts with the only light coming through the open door. In those doors were bedraggled women with their children clinging to their skirts. That was bad but for some reason those houses without windows got me. It seemed that degradation could go no further.

America, great and powerful America! Does the WPA have work to do in this land? There is no end to it and it will never be done if the relief problem is handed back to the states and communities. If the Garners and their reactionary followers in both parties have their way, that will be the solution and it will be the end not only of WPA, but of anything but gradual starvation for the unemployed. Do you think the local authorities who for generations have ruled these communities will suddenly become aware of their state and be overcome by a great desire to better it? Don't tell me about these worthies; I know them. I've lived in small towns and I know their opinion of the poor and of their particular towns. There is no village so hopeless that the gentlemen around the courthouse don't think it perfect. You know the line—"Jonestown, a bit of God's country; New York is all right to visit but I wouldn't live there if you gave me the place." If it isn't New York, it's the next largest town; in any case, Jonestown is perfect and the poor are poor only because they are shiftless and prefer it.

Anyone who travels over this country will discover that it is a great and marvelous land. Nothing more criminal or immoral has been known in history than the fact that there are Americans who are ill-housed or ill-fed.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

A. H. Small

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Mooney on Market Street

"And the World Shall Yet Be Free"

AL RICHMOND

San Francisco, January 9.

WHEN Tom Mooney rounded the corner of the Embarcadero at Market Street yesterday, there was no holding the crowd back. It swept aside the protective cordon fashioned of human bodies and clasped hands, and the cordon was the iron ring of San Francisco labor. It was a chain of longshoremen who had held their ground in 1934 and hadn't given an inch since in the intermittent battles in the constant war with the shipowners.

You can't dam joy like that. It simply surged forward, spontaneous and uncontrollable, borne on a sea of people who swept into the broad expanses of Market Street. It could not be poured into the measured molds of even rows and straight lines. It was unrestrained and its power was the swift disorganized motion of the throng.

The parade was on. At the head was Mooney, walking vigorously, waving his hat, bowing right and left, acknowledging the cheers of the crowd. Clasping his right arm was Harry Bridges, West Coast director of the CIO. Clasping his left was Jack Shelley, president of the San Francisco AFL Council. They marched as a trinity, a symbol of unity.

"That's all I wanted to see," muttered a longshoreman who was having a difficult time trying to follow Mooney with his eyes and keeping the pressing crowd on the sidewalk at the same time. "Him walking up Market Street . . . a free man."

Once before there had been a great parade up that street. Four and a half years ago labor buried its dead, the two men shot by police on Bloody Thursday, in the maritime strike of 1934. Then there were ordered rows, measured tread, grim silence, bowed heads from the spectators. There were no banners, no placards, no colors. Just endless lines of silent men. They marched and a pall fell on Nob Hill, Pacific Heights, and the wooded estates down the peninsula.

Today was a day of joy. Workingmen brought their wives and the wives brought their children and with forefinger admonished them never to forget this day. The crowd overflowed the street, onto the sidewalk. There were the multicolored banners of the unions of San Francisco, bunting and uniforms; the blue shirts and blouses of the Maritime Federation women's auxiliary; the standard uniform of the stevedores, striped hickory shirt and white cap; the overseas caps of the automobile workers across the bay. The spectators shouted, cheered, smiled.

But labor does not forget. When the parade passed the buildings of the Pacific Gas & Electric Co., the utilities trust that directed the Mooney frameup, there were angry fists shaken and loud hisses.

The night before, I had stepped into the office of Labor's Non-Partisan League which had received a bloc of a hundred passes for the pardon hearing. J. Vernon Burke, the secretary, smiled at me. "Boy, I am handing out tickets to history."

Early on the morning of January 7, people began streaming into Sacramento. Most of them had no hope of getting into the small Assembly chambers where the pardon hearing was held. They were impelled by the desire to be there, in the vicinity of the great event, and were content with this proximity although they had to listen to the proceedings over the radio, as they could have done back home.

In the Assembly chambers there was quiet even before the hearing began. When Governor Olson entered, there was an outburst of cheering. The governor stepped to the rostrum and began to read slowly, "I have received an application for the pardon of Thomas J. Mooney."

The governor was tired. The Inaugural Ball had taken place the night before and he had been up until 3:30 a.m., his secretary sympathetically explained to the press.

Mooney's entrance was presaged by a roar outside, where people jammed the capitol corridors and the grounds. He walked in jauntily, wearing a striped business suit, his last gift from San Quentin. Seated up front, he was surrounded by friends and relatives. There was John Mooney, a brother who is a conductor for the Municipal Railway in San Francisco; Rena Mooney, his wife, and Anna Mooney, a sister. There were the labor leaders—Harry Bridges of the CIO, George Kidwell of the AFL, Herbert Resner, the secretary of the AFL committee for the release of Mooney and Billings, weary and happy.

The governor continued with a detailed recitation of the facts in the infamous case. He reiterated his belief in Mooney's innocence. Then came a moment of tense suspense. Olson asked whether anyone was present who had objections to the granting of a pardon. We instinctively looked about. No one arose, and Olson continued, "Apparently there is no one attending this public hearing to make a protest against the pardon of Thomas J. Mooney."

From then on time moved quickly to the fateful words, "I have signed and now hand to you, Tom Mooney, this full and unconditional pardon." Amid cheers, Tom arose. Olson graciously said, "Tom Mooney, I have now handed you your pardon and you are also at liberty to say something to the general public."

Tom Mooney was free. Almost twenty-two years ago, the Russian workers, under the leadership of Lenin, struggling for their own liberation, had not forgotten their comrade six thousand miles away. "Free Tom Mooney," they shouted. It wasn't the only thing they shouted that was heard around the world. Since then, in Chinese, in French, in Spanish, in German, in all the languages and tongues of the earth, the shout swelled, "Free Tom Mooney." That shout echoed in the Assembly halls of Sacramento; the hopes of millions, transcending national boundaries and the borders of language, had been realized. Tom Mooney was free. "It will be funny," said a hard-rock miner near me, "Not to be shouting 'Free Tom Mooney' any more."

Tom stepped to the microphone. He spoke his first words as a free man after twenty-two years of incarceration. They were:

> I am not unmindful of the fact that this case is not merely one of an individual charged with a crime. It symbolizes our whole economic, political, and social order. This order is in a state of decay throughout the whole world. It will be replaced, and I hope it will be replaced by a new and better social order. To that end I dedicate my life.

He also dedicated the remainder of his life to bringing about the unity of labor and the freedom of his comrade, Warren K. Billings.

Then there was a luncheon with friends. Here a spirit of relaxed humor was evident. The office force of the Mooney Defense Committee hands him a wrist watch as a gift. "What is this? A bomb?" he asks. There is another gift from Earl King, Ernst Ramsay, and John Conner, three maritime workers in San Quentin. It is also a wrist watch. You can watch the time now, Tom Mooney, without adding it on to your years and days and hours of imprisonment.

There are autograph hunters. Resner, who is the intermediary, looks at one of the autographs and says, "Isn't there something wrong, Tom? I expected to see No. 31921 after your name."

"I shed that in the capitol this morning," Tom replies.

Big events make for small speeches. Everyone who is called upon speaks briefly. Bridges summarizes the spirit of the occasion. He tells what a happy moment it is, and adds, "And I'm not going to gum it up by talking."

Tom, too, speaks briefly. "The less speechmaking on an occasion like this the better," he says. "Let's all get into harness and get geared up full speed ahead for the work that is before us."

From there we sped to Folsom Penitentiary to visit Warren K. Billings and J. B. McNamara, the world's oldest labor prisoner. Billings was all smiles. He is forty-five and half his life has been spent in prison but he looks like a man in his early thirties. Yes, he heard the pardon hearing on the radio and

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was waiting impatiently for the words, "Here is your pardon." It is a great reunion and America's three most famous labor prisoners, McNamara, Billings, and Mooney, are together for the first time.

Billings jests, "I am a red-headed Yankee born on the Fourth of July and they throw me in jail for throwing a bomb—on a Preparedness Day parade."

J. B. is more serious. His freedom is farther away. He says in calculated tones, "Tom has had a weighty task lifted from his shoulders. But it is nothing to the one he has taken on, and that is the solidification of the trade-union movement in this country and the world."

The warden fawns, and tells us, "This is open house in Folsom." I look at the walls of his office and although it is a week since New Deal Governor Olson was inaugurated, they are still decorated with portraits of Republican Governor Merriam, who refused to pardon Mooney.

"When the hell are you going to get those pictures down?" I inquire.

"Oh, I guess they'll come down tomorrow," he replies apologetically.

Yes, warden. Tear those pictures down. Things have changed in California. As Mooney said at the moment of his liberation, "You, Governor Olson, and I and the scene just enacted are symbols of the democratic expression of the desires of the people of California."

It may not be much, warden, but Mooney knows. He said, "The liberation of Tom Mooney is not the end of the struggle. But Tom Mooney is free, and the world shall yet be free."

★

Two Items

SOUNDS FROM THE VIENNA WOODS: Miss Alice Tully, American dramatic soprano from Corning, N. Y., intended to sing Chausson's "Chanson Perpetuelle" at her concert in Vienna, during her recent Continental tour, reports the New York *Times*. The quartet, who were going to accompany her, submitted the following ultimatum a few days before the recital:

"Unless you can certify that M. Chausson has not one drop of Jewish blood in his veins and that none of his ancestors were Jewish, we cannot agree to play his 'Chanson.' "

That's fascism.

Chausson's "Chanson Perpetuelle" can be played any hour of the day or night in Corning, N. Y.

That's capitalist democracy.

FOUR STRINGS AT LUNCH HOUR: While awaiting the jury's verdict, the various string ensembles assembled in Moscow for the "All-Union String Quartet Contest of the USSR" played for the workers of the city's factories and clubs during their stay, the *Times* also tells us.

The jury, composed of experienced Soviet composers and musicians, also included two notable young men: Shostakovich, the composer, and Oestrach, the brilliant young violinist who won high honors at the International Contest in Brussels last year. First prize, a tie, went to the Komitas State Quartet of the Armenian Republic and the Moscow Bolshoi Theater Quartet. Each received the first prize money of 10,000 rubles. There was no second award and third place went to the Gliere Quartet of Moscow.

That's Socialist democracy.

Colin Allen

"Nice red herring! $150,000 a load!"

★

Pro-Soviet Union

MORE than eight out of every ten British voters questioned in a recent Gallup poll stated that they would sympathize with the Soviet Union against Nazi Germany in case of war between the two countries. British sentiment on this question thus shows itself almost exactly similar to that in America, where the Gallup poll brought out the fact that 83 percent of those voting favored Russia, as against the 17 percent who sided with Germany. In Britain the figures are 85 percent for the USSR, 15 percent for Germany.

Only 6 percent of the British voters who are opposed to the Chamberlain government declared themselves on the side of Germany, while 24 percent of those who approved Chamberlain's policies were also sympathetic toward the Third Reich. The American study, Dr. Gallup reported, found that the chief reasons for opposing Germany were the unpopularity of Adolf Hitler and public resentment over Nazi treatment of the Jews.

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Pan-American Program

The Results of the Lima Conference

SAMUEL PUTNAM

THE Eighth Pan-American Conference, held in Lima, Peru, is now history. It is history that Hitler, Mussolini, and the Mikado would like to laugh off. But as an old American back-country expression has it, they are now laughing "on the other side of their faces." And the same goes for the Wall Street "dollar diplomatists," for whom Herbert Hoover is the most vocal spokesman, ably echoed by our sabotaging American tory press.

That press, from the beginning, did all it could to make the conference out a foredoomed failure and thereby undermine its work. This was done raucously by Hearst and subtly or not so subtly by papers such as the New York *Times* and the *Herald Tribune,* in dispatches and editorials. The voice of diehard North American imperialism thus chimed perfectly with Herr Hitler and his choir, while the Trotskyites completed the harmony. Most of the radio news commentators, needless to say, were also on the job. Every disagreement at the conference, even of the most minor sort, was played up with an undertone of we-told-you-so. Meanwhile, in the galleries at Lima, Nazi newsmen were finding the proceedings "laughable," and young Argentine fascists in the streets of Buenos Aires were stealing the thunder of the Trotskyites and certain other New Deal critics in our own country, by branding the good-neighbor policy a "farce" and a "blind," a cloak for imperialist aims. The harmony, it may be repeated, was perfect.

As a result of it all, it is to be doubted that even the peace-loving democratic forces among us, sincerely interested in hemisphere defense and in stopping the fascist aggressor, have quite realized as yet that Lima was by no means a defeat, but represents exceedingly important gains, provided decisive action is taken by the democratic forces of the two continents, by way of putting its declarations into effect. We should begin to realize it, however, as we listen to the yelps which are going up from the fascist camp, the loud-mouthed threats of "retaliation" coming from the Nazis' official economic organ, the *Wirtschaftsblatt,* or as we witness Mussolini's frantic efforts to recoup his prospective losses in Argentina. If the Lima conference was "laughable" and a "failure," then why, one may ask, are the dictators so hot under the collar about it?

The Latin American peoples, on the other hand, are more confident than we that the conference was a success, if one is to judge by the widespread reaction of their press. They feel that something very definite was accomplished, that a potentially great and epoch-marking step forward was taken in the sphere of inter-American relations. By way of seeing just how the matter stands, let us try to sum up the accomplishments at Lima, comparing them with objectives.

1. Outstanding, of course, is the declaration of continental solidarity, affirming the purpose on the part of the peoples of the Western Hemisphere "to collaborate in the maintenance of the principles on which solidarity is based . . . to maintain and defend them against all foreign intervention." True, the fascist aggressors are not named, but the terms are none the less unmistakable. It is also true that a somewhat similar pact was entered into at Buenos Aires in December 1936; but what puts teeth in the present one is the provision that any one nation, when threatened by intervention, may call a meeting of the other signatories.

2. A second and even more direct blow at the fascist powers was the unanimously adopted resolution calling for legislation to prevent the "nationals" or "national minorities" of alien countries from claiming collective political rights and exerting collective political action within the boundaries of a sovereign state in this hemisphere. It need hardly be pointed out that this is a very definite attempt to combat the characteristic technique of fascist aggression, which Brazil, Chile, and other South American countries have already experienced. (It was the Brazilians who introduced the resolution.) It is nonsense to raise the point, as does *Time* magazine, that this would operate against North Americans resident in Latin American countries, by depriving them of their absentee vote for President of the United States!

3. The brutal Nazi pogroms, which shocked the civilized world, and the high-handed confiscation of Jewish wealth in Germany had their repercussions in a resolution condemning "all persecutions from racial or religious motives." Here again the offender was not called by name, but no one could possibly mistake him. In this respect the original strongly worded resolution brought in by the Cuban delegation was toned down in the final draft. Nevertheless, the democratic-minded people of the Western Hemisphere succeeded in giving expression to the deep-seated revulsion inspired in them by fascist atrocities. Another blow, and a telling one, against the "axis."

4. The Nazi method of exchange control as embodied in the barter system, based upon ASKI or Compensation Marks, redeemable only in German goods, is a specific target of one of the most important resolutions adopted by the conference. This is the resolution which has as its object the liberalizing of trade agreements and trade relations in the Americas, in accordance with the principle of "economic disarmament" laid down by Secretary Hull—"the principle of equality of treatment" with the elimination of "excessive and uneconomic barriers to trade." This is at the same time a blow at Wall Street imperialists of the Herbert Hoover-W. R. Castle persuasion. (Castle, assistant secretary of state in the Coolidge and Hoover administrations, had emitted a pro-fascist, anti-American blast just as the conference was convening.) Which is not by any means to say that it is to the detriment of a large section of American business, which stands to profit by a stimulation of our trade with the Latin American countries.

5. Implementation of the resolution on trade relations is provided by the recommendation of the conference that American finance ministers meet annually for the further working out of economic problems, including the problem of reducing the economic dependence of Latin America on the fascist nations.

6. Another resolution which is not to the liking of the dollar diplomatists is the one calling for a codification of international law where pecuniary claims of one nation upon another are concerned—in an effort, as Secretary Hull puts it, to procure "the return of international relationships based upon respect for law and order and the faithful observance of obligations." With Mexico fresh in mind, Wall Street would prefer to give its own one-sided interpretation to these words; but the sentiment of the conference was overwhelmingly against the employment of force in the adjustment of such questions.

7. Finally, there are the steps taken by the conference for far closer, more intimate cultural relations between the American peoples. This is significant, in view of the use which Nazis, Italians, and Japanese make of the so-called "cultural offensive."

Such, in brief, are the outstanding achievements of the Lima conference. Speaking over an international hookup, on the eve of the conference, Secretary of State Hull outlined the aims of the United States delegation as: (1) the securing of world peace; (2) economic cooperation for the welfare of all the American peoples; (3) the strengthening of international law. Let anyone look over the results of the conference, as outlined above, and decide for himself whether or not definite progress was made toward the accomplishment of each of these ends. Do those results read like a "failure" (Hitler: "U. S. Failure No. 1") or a defeat for the democratic forces, not only of the Western Hemisphere, but of the world? Or do they, on the contrary, spell a substantial victory for world democracy and world peace? As *Pravda* comments:

> The significance of the Pan-American Conference is limited, in so far as its discussions concern

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only one continent. At the same time the conference acquires positive significance to the extent that its work will aid formation of an anti-aggressor bloc. . . . The movement in America against the fascist aggressors is an indissoluble part of the general struggle for peace.

The relation between peace in the Americas and world peace was brought out by Indalecio Prieto, former defense minister for loyalist Spain, who at the time the conference convened was on his way to Chile as ambassador extraordinary to the inaugural of President Pedro Aguirre Cerda, recent Popular Front victor. Señor Prieto called attention to the fact that, by reason of Spain's cultural position with reference to Latin America, a victory for Franco would vastly strengthen the fascist forces on the Southern continent. He further pointed out that, like Rome, Berlin, and Tokyo, Burgos is actively engaged in the work of political penetration and infiltration, with Falangist units functioning in every country south of the Rio Grande.

This means that we, the democratic people of the United States, must help consolidate the gains at Lima by seeing that our government lifts the shameful arms embargo on loyalist Spain.

While Lima undoubtedly represents an advance for democracy, it does not mean that we have won the war. Our monopoly capitalists are going to do everything in their power to sabotage this New Deal for the Western Hemisphere, just as they do with respect to the New Deal at home—it is all one to them. This in itself should be a sufficient answer to those who would make it appear that the good-neighbor policy is merely another mask for Yankee imperialism. Nor will the pro-fascist elements in Central and South America be inactive all the while; rather, they will redouble their efforts.

(United States delegates and newspapermen at Lima had a taste of South American fascism when their rooms were rifled and their dispatches censored by Benavides' police spies and provocateurs.)

The divergencies of opinion that were evident at the conference—and there was long and serious debate on more than one point—are indicative of the nature of the problems we are going to have to face. Among these problems are:

1. That of trade quotas, a problem that is particularly pressing in the case of our relations with Argentina, involving the importation of Argentine beef into this country and exports of American wheat to the Argentine.

2. Closely bound up with this is the problem of decreasing Latin American dependence on fascist markets. Economic dependence favors political dependence.

There can be no doubt, for instance, that much of the Argentine opposition to the Hull program was due to these factors. True, the Argentine delegation, like the present government at Buenos Aires, was prevailingly pro-Chamberlain if not outright pro-Hitler in its sympathies; but underlying this political motivation was the economic one. Here Secretary Hull's "economic disarmament," as reflected in the resolution of the conference, should go a long way toward providing a solution.

3. There is the general problem of removing the fear and distrust and the resulting ill will which have been provoked by the Monroe Doctrine as interpreted by the Hoover school of imperialism. The Latin American nations must be convinced that the good-neighbor policy of Pan-Americanism is truly a New Deal—a *multilateral* Monroe Doctrine, instead of being a unilateral one as in the past. They must be convinced of the truth of Secretary Hull's words, that a threat to one American commonwealth is a threat to all. After all, the Americas are very much in the position of the Continental Congress of 1776: if they do not hang together, they are altogether likely to hang separately.

4. There is, to conclude, the central, all-important problem of rallying, coordinating, and consolidating the democratic forces of the hemisphere. One of these, the Chilean People's Front, which came into power just as the Lima sessions were drawing to a close, was not represented at the conference, the Chilean delegation being composed of spokesmen for the old regime, who sided with Cantilo and the Argentinians. Similarly, the great popular-democratic movements which exist in countries with reactionary governments, like Argentina, Brazil, and Peru, were unable to make their voices heard.

These are the forces which must be brought together and activized, if the Western world is to be made safe for peace and democracy. Above all, the people of our own and other democratic countries must do all in their power to aid the fight for freedom that is being carried on against terrific odds in countries like Brazil and Peru. In the former country the forces represented by the suppressed National Liberation Alliance must be revived, or better, brought to the surface. Similarly, in Peru, the elements of a widely inclusive People's Front exist and need but to be given a fighting cohesion. In Uruguay the prospect of a triumphant Popular Front is by no means remote; the elements are there, and have been in process of formation for some time. In Argentina, too, it is a fact known to all the world that the present semi-fascist regime is in power solely by electoral fraud and military coercion.

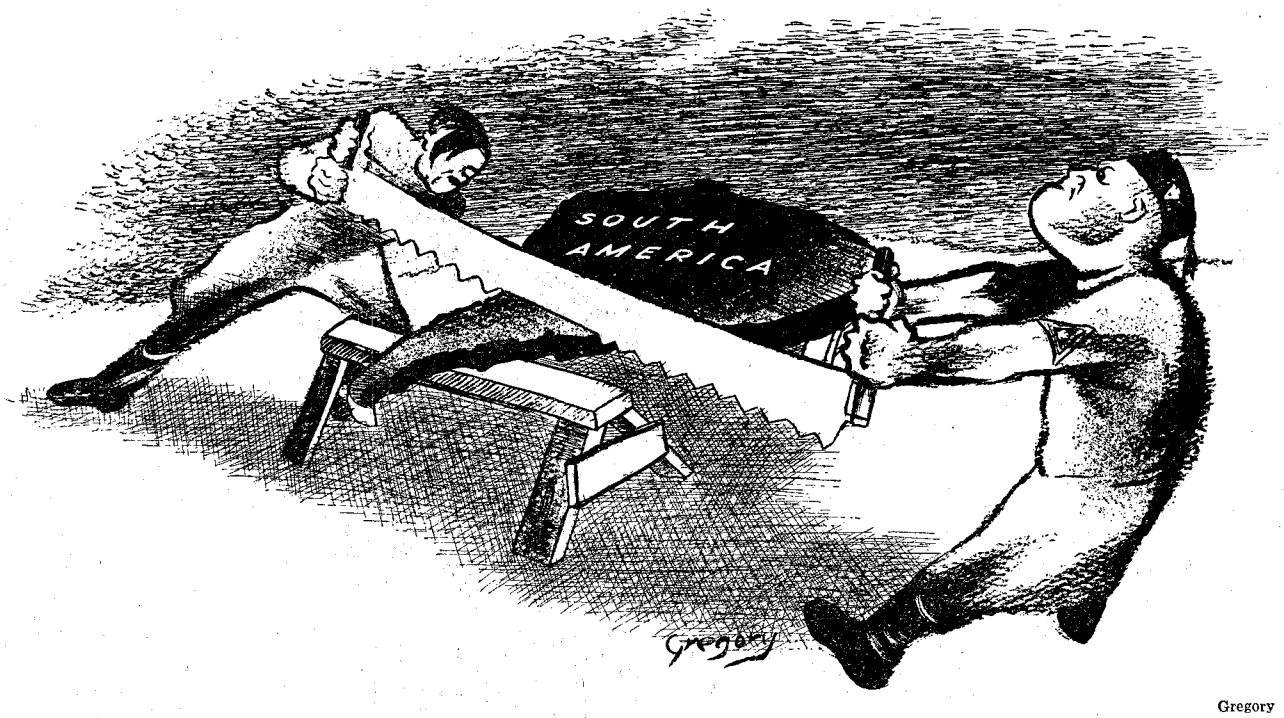
These, it may be repeated, are the forces which must be rallied behind the Lima Declaration and the resolutions of the conference, by way of giving the latter the breath of life—by way of ensuring that the will of the people, not that of the Hitlers, Hoovers, and Mussolinis, shall prevail in the Western Hemisphere.

★

Who Controls China?

CHEKIANG, CHINA.—According to statistics published by the Executive Yuan, the Japanese have nominally occupied nine provinces, but in reality they only control small areas along the main lines of communications and the cities.

These statistics have been computed on the



Gregory

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basis of reports received from the provincial governments of the nine "so-called occupied provinces": Kiangsu, Chekiang, Anhwei, Kiangsi, Shantung, Honan, Shansi, Hupeh, Hopei.

The number of districts in these provinces is 796. Statistics show that the Chinese government still exercises complete administrative and political control over 489 districts, or 61.44 percent of the territory. It exercises partial control over 248 districts, or 31.05 percent of the total area. These figures do not include such cities as Shanghai, Nanking, Hangchow, Tsinan, Hankow, and Tsingtao.

"Partial" Chinese control means that Japanese troops are in the interior of the districts in question at a certain number of points only, but that the Japanese authority does not extend outside the limits of the area which is surrounded partly by Chinese troops, partly by guerrillas.

The greater number of districts under Japanese control are in Hopei, where the Japanese control forty-four of the 132 provincial districts, namely, 33 percent. In Kiangsu, the Japanese have complete control of 14 percent of the districts; in Chekiang 3 percent, in Honan 3 percent, in Shansi 1 percent. In other words, the number of districts under the complete control of Japan in the nine provinces mentioned represent only 7.41 percent of the total number of districts.

As far as districts entirely controlled by Chinese are concerned, they are naturally the most numerous in the province of Kiangsi, where the provincial capital Nanchang is still in Chinese hands. In this province, the Chinese have complete control of seventy-eight out of eighty-three districts, or 94 percent. In Hupeh the Chinese control completely sixty out of seventy districts, or 86 percent. In the third group is Chekiang, where sixty-one out of seventy-five districts, — 81 percent — are entirely controlled by Chinese. In Shantung the districts under Chinese control amount to 70 percent, in Anhwei to 66 percent, in Honan 59 percent, in Shansi 44 percent, in Hopei 36 percent, in Kiangsu 27 percent.

★

Unionized Hotels

ANOTHER citadel of the open shop, the Hotel Association of New York City, fell last week when a majority representing two-thirds of its membership reached an agreement with the New York Hotel Trades Council, comprised of six AFL locals. For the sixty years of its existence the Hotel Association has countered all attempts at unionization. Employing workers from a hundred different fields —chefs, waiters and waitresses, domestics, bartenders, maintenance workers, desk clerks— the success of the hotel workers has been an object lesson in inter-craft unity. Over fifty thousand workers in the city's largest hotels will be covered in the new contract, which calls for the union shop, the establishment of a minimum wage scale, and many benefits heretofore non-existent.

Primer for a Young Fink

A Short Story

BENJAMIN APPEL

THERE were telegraph posts, green fields, farms, filling stations, and hot-dog stands beyond the bus windows. The concrete highway looped ahead.

The young fink sat back and smoked a cigarette. "There must be thirty guys in this crate," he said. He had yellow hair and he looked as if he could have been a bookkeeper. Except for his hands. They were big and square with solid knuckles.

The fink sitting next to him was an older man of about forty. He had the build of a Greek wrestler and a brownish-yellowish complexion. "Where the hell're we going? Thas what bothers me."

"Me too," the young fink said.

"You ever been on this kinda work before?" the older fink asked patronizingly.

"Yes."

"Who with?"

"A few outfits."

"You're a liar, kid. Hey, what's your name anyway? Mine's Mitch."

"They call me Tom."

"Tom, the green-as-green kid himself," Mitch said. "Now I been with Bergdoff and Pinkerton. I been with the best in the game. What did you do before you signed up this morning? You don't haffta tell me."

Tom smiled. "I used to drive a cab, a load of iron."

Mitch leaned closer and whispered. "Take a tip from me. Don't listen to the bull of these guys. Every last one's out to gyp you. Keep your dough outa sight. Don't get in crap games. With thirty finks along you can never tell what's what."

Tom glanced at the faces around him. The finks were sleeping, their heads rolling to the lurching movement of the bus.

"I know every old-time fink there is," Mitch said. "You're green so I'm tipping you off." He yawned. "I wonder where the hell we're going? Just sign up and they tell you to be at such and such a place at such and such a time, the crummy bastards! That's all they tell you. Like we ain't human beings what oughta know where we're working." He sighed, his eyes red-rimmed but sleepless. He shoved his legs out. His thighs packed his trousers solid. "Lucky I keep my ear flaps open. We're not gonna go so far. We gotta be on the job twelve noon."

"Twelve noon? It's past ten now."

"Less'n two hours to go. I got a bad feeling about this job."

"Why?"

"Ask me another. Aw, nuts. I don't kid you. I don't kid nobody. I'm a fink. A job's a job. That's my job and it's okay with me if the working stiffs wanna join unions. Let 'em join. That's none of my business. Slip me a butt, Tom." He smoked in silence.

"When I signed up this morning they told me I was going to fight a bunch of Red agitators."

Mitch roared. "Reds're nothing. You just watch out for some of these fink rats. They got the Reds skinned a mile. Take your last buck and spit in your face."

"You ever come across the Reds?" Tom persisted.

"Who gives a damn about the Reds? Who gives a damn about working stiffs and pickets and guys like that? There's always a bunch of deputies and sheriffs to take care of guys like that. What I wanna know is who the hell the nobles of this load of finks is gonna be?"

"Nobles?"

Mitch rubbed his mouth. "My goddam lips're dry. I got a bad feeling about this job."

"What's a noble?"

"Nobles're the guys the ops pick out from the finks to boss the finks. Nobles're like sergeants."

"I see."

"You see nothing. I knew a noble in Philly and he was the worst bastard in eleven states. If we was to get a noble like this Philly noble, Clam-bake Joe, I'll betcha there'd be a real strike. No fink'd stand for a crook like that crook. We gotta have a noble we can trust halfway. Only once a fink's a noble, you can't trust him. We're pals but if you or me was ever picked out to be a noble by the op, I wouldn't trust you and you'd be a dope to trust me."

"There was that noble in Akron," a third fink chimed in. "That Henry guy who'd just come out of Sing Sing. That was a noble!"

"Clam-bake Joe was worst," Mitch said. "I got a bad feeling. Maybe this job at twelve sharp's a steel mill job? Gimme elevator strikes. Gimme factory strikes. But don't gimme truckers or steel puddlers."

The young fink scratched his ear. "Why not?"

"They use their fists, not that the suckers gotta chance. They act tough and before you know it somebody's layed out or shot even."

"Shot?" Tom gasped. "Shot?"

"Not us. Them. If they act tough we'll be made deputy sheriffs."

"I never thought the Reds could make so much trouble."

Mitch spat on the floor of the bus. "There you go again with them Reds. What worries me is who the hell's gonna be the nobles."

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"I meant to ask you before. What's the ops?"

"The ops're the operatives. They got charge of the job. They're like the superintendents in a factory. Ops? They're lower than nobles. To get to be an op you gotta be able to crawl under a skunk's belly. You gotta be able to suck around the boss."

"Does a fink ever get to be an op?"

"Sometimes. But first you gotta be a noble." He stared at the young fink. "You crummy hunk! Maybe you wanna be the boss? Maybe you wanna be a Pinkerton?"

The bus entered the outskirts of a factory town, and stopped at a corner. A man who had been sitting in a roadster stepped out.

Mitch groaned. "I told you I had a bad feeling."

"What's the matter?"

"The fat guy, him with the four chins, that pork barrel, that's Clam-bake."

"Clam-bake?"

"Sh! Here he comes. And now that guy's an op!"

Clam-bake Joe climbed into the bus and stood near the driver. He had blue dots for eyes, surrounded by fatty lids. "Mitch, Pete, Mac, Sam, Goon," he greeted. "You're all here, huh?" He raised an immense fist. His forefinger shot out of his fist and pointed. "Mac, Sam, you're the nobles for this job. You'll take fifteen guys each." He consulted his wristwatch. "This is the layout. At twelve sharp they come out of the factory. You got fifteen minutes to walk it. Mac, Sam, you two guys see me a second. All you other guys, you foller Mac and Sam. You do what Mac and Sam tell you to do."

He descended from the bus, trailed by the two nobles. The three of them walked to the roadster. Clam-bake took out two half-bricks and handed one to each of the nobles. Inside the bus, the finks stared. Their voices got louder and louder.

"What's them bricks for?" they said.

"Clam-bake! Holy smoke! Clam-bake!"

"Sh!" Mitch said. "You guys pipe down and maybe we can hear them." He shrugged his shoulders and winked at Tom. "They can't pipe down. I told you I had a bad feeling. Clam-bake's the op! The crummy pork barrel. They won't tell us a goddam thing. Just order us around like we was working stiffs."

Tom's face was white. "What's the bricks for?"

"You'll find out soon enough."

Clam-bake got into his roadster and drove away. Mac and Sam returned to the bus.

"All out, you guys," Sam said. He was a heavy man with a broken nose. "Speed it up!"

Mac shoved his half-brick into his topcoat pocket. He was hatless. The spring wind ruffled his reddish-brown hair. "Cmon! You Mitch. And ten more of you guys come with me." The young fink tailed Mitch. Led by Mac, the finks walked up a side street. Sam and his finks followed. Everybody was silent.

Smokestacks hurled black fans against the sky. Grass grew between the cracks of the sidewalk.

"It's almost twelve," the young fink whispered to Mitch. "I wonder what we'll do?"

"You'll find out."

The steady scrape-and-slide of leather thundered in the young fink's ears. How loud shoe leather sounded.

Step!

Step!

"There's the job," Mitch said.

Up ahead, at the end of the street, there was a block-long structure. The opaque windows were wired for strength. The windows were all shut.

Step!

Step!

"Things are too quiet," the young fink said.

"They make some kind of iron stuff in that joint," Mitch said.

Step!

Step!

The noon whistles stabbed sound into the air.

Mitch pointed. "There's the sheriff and his deputies near those cars. Am I glad to see them!"

"That line's the pickets?"

"Mass picketing."

A huge picket line rotated in front of the factory gates. They glared at the men coming out of the gates in tens. The newcomers clustered near the factory walls, dinner pails in their hands. A picket jeered at them. "Do much work today?"

Step!

Step!

"You see those guys with the pails," Mitch said. "I told you I had a bad feeling. Those guys never made no iron stuff in their lives. It's a phony."

Mac stopped them. "When I chuck the brick, we smack right into the pickets. Bust through. Start a fight with the guys with the dinner pails. They're our side, them guys."

"Finks!" Mitch muttered. "I told you."

"What're you griping about?" Mac asked. "It's a setup. Okay! Cmon!"

Step!

Step!

"I don't get it, Mitch," the young fink whispered.

"Them guys with the pails, they're finks. They're making believe they're workers."

Step!

Step!

"I don't get it!"

"We're making believe we're workers on strike. Aw, you foller orders!"

"But we're all finks."

"On the run!" Mac cried.

The two companies of finks trotted forward.

The finks with the dinner pails spread out. They wore no overalls, no working clothes. Their eyes were reddened from hours of poker and crap shooting.

The pickets turned to look at the trotting finks led by Mac and Sam.

The deputies tightened their fingers on their riot sticks.

Mac threw his brick. And Sam.

Like two fly balls the bricks shone in the sun.

"Scabs!" Mac and Sam yelled at the finks with the dinner pails. "Scabs! Scabs!"

"Scabs!" Mitch hollered. "Scabs, scabs, scabs!"

"Scabs!" the young fink echoed.

A picket leader bawled out. "We don't know these guys. No rough stuff! It's a trick! They're stools!"

"No rough stuff!" the pickets relayed up

Slum Street

The industrial day has shut down with a forceful air.

Upon this block
It left a warehouse night
With one damp light aglow, the moon,
Half-filled with human stock that goes nowheres,
Who wait in streets where there is hardly any breeze.

Come along this block we walk.
We watch the people leaning on their window ledges.
We listen to the evening talk
Of men whose actions straighten up the back of day,
Of wives, whose hands, palm-upwards,
Rest upon their knees;
Of people whom the day forgot
Inside of shops and factories.
Observing him
Whose mornings wither in the park,
And her, who half-seen in the dark
Cannot raise her iron lips to smile.
Observe,
Here, all who've known the weekday's granite discipline,
Walk with the people walking on this street
Or sit outside, beside them, when the summer nights begin.

A world stirs on this street
Where living is as famined as the moon.
Here the body sags after the speedup afternoon.
Here each beloved face is stamped with pain
Marked with their struggle, sharp and clear.
Here, as everywhere,
This world has made a branding iron of the year.

RAPHAEL HAYES.

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and down in a human telegraph. "No rough stuff! No rough stuff!"

"Sure it's a trick!" the picket leader said.

"It's a trick! It's a trick!" the pickets repeated.

"Get them scabs!" Mac and Sam charged into the picket line. The deputies muscled forward. The picket line opened before the bus-load of finks, who attacked the finks with the dinner pails.

The deputies smacked into the picket line. Riot sticks pounded down on heads and shoulders. A man screamed like a woman. A woman fought with clenched fists.

The sheriff blew on a whistle. "Break it up!" he cried at his deputies as if they were standing at ease. "Break it up!"

The finks with the dinner pails slugged them down on the heads of the finks led by Mac and Sam. The young fink kept close to Mitch. The dinner pails reflected the sun in blinding searchlight flashes.

"Get the scabs!" Mac yelled.

Three finks with dinner pails rushed Mac.

"What's the matter with you guys?" Mitch screamed. He danced backward. "Let up! Let up!" His hands cupped his mouth. "Mac's a noble. A goddam crummy noble! We're finks, too! Didn't they tell you! We ain't no goddam working stiffs!" He dodged a haymaker, retreating five more steps. "We're queering the strike! We ain't no goddam working stiffs! We don't have to kill each other 'cause the company wants to frame the damn working stiffs with a phony riot! We're finks, you dumb crummy bastards! We don't have to kill each other 'cause the company wants to frame the dumb strikers!"

"We're finks! We're finks!" the young fink echoed.

"That's right!" Mac cried.

The finks dropped their dinner pails.

"That's using the bean," Mitch said.

They all began to wrestle together like two troupes of wrestlers going through an act. They seemed to be performing on some stage as if they were miles away from the pickets and the deputies. Pickets were running away in all directions. A young boy was crawling on all fours. His nose had been smashed. A man was helping a woman to her feet. The sheriff whistled at his deputies. "Ten arrests're plenty! Ten's plenty! We can't jam up the jail!"

Mitch grappled with Tom. "Waltz around, kid. Make it look real!" He breathed heavily. "The crummy company! Never even wised up them dumb Dinner Pails. Make it look real, kid. I'd sooner trust Clam-bake than the company."

★

Not as One Might Think

"YANKEE Imperialism Is the Main Enemy in Latin America." This headline is not, as one might think, from the *Voelkische Beobachter* or some other Nazi paper. It is from the Trotskyist *Socialist Appeal*. Again, Nazis and Trotskyites see eye to eye.

Coughlin Carries On

Mischa Richter

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Readers' Forum

Problems of Publishing

TO NEW MASSES: The discussion in your columns regarding the price of books was both interesting and instructive as long as the writers dealt with the question in a practical manner. The last communication, in your issue of January 10, seems to me an impractical and uninformed contribution.

I would like to discuss Mr. Wollheim's letter, since my work as manager of a large book-distributing organization makes the question of books, bindings, and prices a daily routine matter.

Mr. Wollheim begins with a wrong premise when he makes bindings the vital point in determining book prices. One need not be too familiar with modern mass-production methods to know that the determining factor is quantity. Simon & Schuster's 1930 experiment proves nothing and Modern Age's 25-cent fiction reprints as against 75-cent cloth bindings proves even less. Simon & Schuster were merely offering a binding service to bolster their unsuccessful effort to sell paper-covered books. Modern Age's chief concern was circulation of paper-covered books at low prices. The offer of cloth-bound copies at 75 cents was an accommodation and cannot be seriously considered as proof that binding is half the price of a book. (Incidentally, the prices of their recent publications in paper covers range from 50 cents to 95 cents.)

I agree with Mr. Wollheim as to the urgent need for good books at low prices, particularly in these times of great political tension, when the masses are eager to find the answer to the problems which affect them. In fact, it is my job to help make such books available. In doing my job I have to deal with a great many publishing houses, including International Publishers. My experience has been that all publishers are willing to discuss low-priced books and make them available, provided the necessary guarantees as to quantity are forthcoming. For example, it has been possible to bring out special editions of a number of books through the purchase of large editions from publishers. I mention only a few: *Soviet Communism* by Beatrice and Sidney Webb, (Scribners); *World Politics* by R. Palme Dutt, (International Publishers); Strachey's works, *Theory and Practice of Socialism* (Random House), *What Are We To Do?* (Random House); *Philosophy for a Modern Man* by Professor Levy, (Knopf); *Handbook of Marxism,* edited by Emile Burns, (International Publishers); and many others. In every case, quantity determines the price. Binding alone is a very minor element.

It is unfair to launch an attack against International Publishers on the score of high prices. International Publishers has made a great many contributions to the progressive movement in the production of progressive books at low prices. Consider these (printed in two editions, one a regular trade edition at regular trade prices and a popular edition at popular prices): *Rulers of America* by Anna Rochester, sold as low as $1.59; *Handbook of Marxism,* (1,100 pages), sold as low as $1.39; *Reconstruction* by James S. Allen, at $1.25; *History of the Russian Revolution,* $1.25; *The Peril of Fascism,* sold as low as $1.49; *What Is Philosophy?* by Howard Selsam, $1.25. It is quite true that these books could be sold at prices less than $1 if the present market were greater. Incidentally, International Publishers has on occasion published 100,000 editions of classics at what seemed like impossibly low prices. I refer to *Foundations of Leninism* by Joseph Stalin and *State and Revolution* by V. I. Lenin. These thirty- and forty-thousand-word books were made available at 10 cents each. However, this can only be done occasionally, and to try to do it consistently would bankrupt any publisher.

It is important to call attention to the broad variety of titles and subjects published by International Publishers. For instance, *Charles Dickens* by T. A. Jackson, *Lectures on Conditioned Reflexes* by Pavlov, *Basis for the Theory of Medicine* by Speransky, *Selected Writings of Diderot, Selections from Thomas Paine,* and many other titles of poetry, novels, plays, and other non-fiction.

The Workers Library Publishers and a few publishing houses specialize in producing pamphlets at low prices. Their latest achievement in this field was the publication of Earl Browder's *The Democratic Front,* a ninety-six-page booklet with an attractive cover, which sold for 10 cents—possible because of the distribution of more than 200,000 copies. The Workers Library Publishers is the only publishing house I know which consistently prints sixteen-page penny pamphlets. As they develop their market, and with the rapid growth of the progressive movement, more and lower priced material will be available.

Mr. Wollheim speaks of "a clientele of 100,000 Communists, and hundreds of thousands of workers, friends, and fellow travelers." In doing so it is important to consider the degree of development of these hundreds of thousands of potential readers of progressive books, and more than that to consider their reading and book-buying habits. The type of books we are discussing are the deeper works, many of them of the textbook variety, which require constant study and many of which are usually read by several people. They are permanent possessions and must be constructed for permanency. They have to be carefully designed, on good paper and in good bindings. They can also be inexpensive, provided the market is large enough (a steady book-buying public of forty or fifty thousand is necessary). Some attempts along this line are being made and to some degree are succeeding. Surely, Mr. Wollheim, who speaks of comrades, etc., must have heard of the book-of-the-month plan, by which thousands of good Marxist and other progressive books are being made available to the "comrades, workers, and fellow travelers" at low prices in good editions, and in many cases on a part-payment plan. We are in the process of working this out. Many workers who were unable to buy books before are now building libraries by buying one book a month at a special price and paying for it at the rate of 25 cents a week. Efforts will soon be made to bring the general public into this plan. To date the prices have ranged from 65 cents to $1.59 per volume. They have included such titles as: *From Bryan to Stalin, Reconstruction, First American Revolution, Rulers of America, Handbook of Marxism, The People's Front, The Negro and the Democratic Front, The Peril of Fascism,* and *What Is Philosophy?*

I do not take seriously Mr. Wollheim's interpretation of Mike Gold's and Henry Hart's letters. Certainly, to wait for Socialism in order to make available low-priced books is ridiculous and neither Gold nor Hart suggested it. If a price higher than $1 for an average-size book is ridiculous, so is the size of the market for these books. The answer to this problem is not to wait for Socialism but rather to pitch into the struggle for democracy, to build a larger and continuously growing clientele for progressive books. When there will be 100,000 regular readers for the average-size progressive book, Mr. Wollheim, you can take my word for it, there will be books, in good bindings and on good paper, at prices less than $1.

IRVING CRESS
Manager, Wholesale Book Co.

New York City.

Suggestion for Catholics

TO NEW MASSES: As a Catholic I wish to comment on the letter published in the *New World* of Chicago and reprinted in the January 3 issue of NEW MASSES.

It is indeed ironical that today when a Catholic publication prints a letter in behalf of the loyalist government of Spain, it becomes a matter of comment and amazement. And yet the recent Gallup poll showed that Catholics in the United States directly in favor of Franco are in a substantial minority. The actual figures are: 38 percent for Franco; 33 percent against Franco and the loyalist government; 28 percent in favor of the loyalist government. If you add the Catholics opposed to Franco, as indicated in the 33-percent and 28-percent brackets, you have 61 percent, or a substantial majority.

The impression that all Catholics are in favor of Franco arises from the fact that much of the Catholic hierarchy and their affiliated publications, except the *Commonweal,* the *Catholic Worker,* the *Labor Leader,* and the *New World*—all of which are neutral—are violently for the insurgent generalissimo. Thus, there exist at present no Catholic publications which either side with the loyalists or which reflect the sentiments of an overwhelming number of progressive Catholics.

Consequently, progressive Catholics must become more articulate in expressing themselves in Catholic publications. Too long have they left the field to reactionary Catholics who do not reflect their views. I suggest that all progressive Catholics start communicating with Catholic publications so that their attitude may become known to the readers of these publications.

JAMES O'NEIL.

New York City.

Hollywood on the USSR

TO NEW MASSES: The current movie schedule includes among the newest productions at least three which deal either in part with a Soviet locale, or mainly with Soviet characterizations. It is noteworthy that MGM is the only company to use such material, one of their purchased stories having been given over to the incomparable Garbo herself. Be sure about it that the Soviet Union, more or less, continues to finish a poor second to everything else that is still not important. Nor can any complaint be made about the fact that the characterizations of Soviet people are to be in the realm of caricature—way out of perspective. To expect a more sincere and honest approach by Hollywood is at present on the side of wishful thinking.

It seems that the plots of the forthcoming films are going to inject the so-described callous and overly unromantic Soviet heroines into the bourgeois world where, inevitably, they must learn that Stalin could not compare with any average titled gigolo—that the capitalist was nowhere to be seen cutting infant throats or even committing the mildest reproachable act. Naturally, even the otherwise sophisticated Garbo is going to be shocked into sensibility to fall into a real Prince Charming's arms, exclaiming "It's capitalism, after all. Ach, what a fool I've been."

HARV POLLOCK.

New York City.

Correction

TO NEW MASSES: I wish to correct a mistake, which I understand is a widespread misapprehension, in my article on the American Student Union last week. Joseph Lash was not, as I said, expelled from City College. I had in mind that he was one of the group expelled on the occasion of the visit of several Italian fascist students to CCNY a few years ago. Though he would have been in good company had he been one of the dismissed protestants, he graduated some years before.

RICHARD H. ROVERE.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Technicians Turn to Life

In some of the books of H. G. Wells, the writer based his hopes for social reconstruction upon the scientists and technical men who were building industry, and therefore understood it and could be relied upon for the job of ridding it of waste and putting it upon a basis of social use. Such an impulse manifested itself in the movement called Technocracy; but, unfortunately, the Technocrats, while they told us the marvels which a planned industry could achieve, failed to explain how the change could be brought about. We were left in the position of the gods at the end of *Das Rheingold,* gazing upon Valhalla in the sky; we still await the appearance of the magic rainbow upon which we may ascend.

However, evolution is bringing it about that the profits of industry are conferred more and more upon absentee owners, while technicians and administrators are fixed in the status of employees. Depression plus competition imperils their salaries, so they come to look with more critical eyes upon the industrial setup. Such a development is bound to manifest itself in literature, and the present writer has awaited it in the mood of Bluebeard's wife in the tower, who kept asking, "Sister Ann, Sister Ann, do you see anybody coming?"

I see coming a young Englishman by the name of E. C. Large. Some kind fairy whispered to him to send me a copy of his first novel. I read it and wrote to him, whereupon he sent me his second and told me a little about himself. He is a technician turned writer, and belongs to that goodly company who live upon inadequate earnings and wonder if they dare begin a new book; striving in a time of world discouragement to keep alive the tiny flame of social hope. Such help as I can give him is hereby tendered.

The title of Mr. Large's novel is a strange one: *Sugar in the Air.* It was published in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons ($2.50), and had a very small sale. It is the story of a hard-working and serious-minded chemist who devotes himself to the problem of making synthetic sugar. Not being a chemist myself, I do not know how plausible Mr. Large's formulas and processes would sound to a technical man, but they are convincing to the lay reader, and by the time we see the first supply of "Sunsap" coming out of the vats we believe in it, and are prepared to see the food industry revolutionized.

But we have forgotten the profit takers. Mr. Large's hard-working chemist finds himself and his process tied into knots by the financiers. The story of what goes on in the factory, and in the offices of agents and advertisers and others to whom the fate of "Sunsap" is entrusted, is detailed and convincing, and fills you at once with laughter and tears. Impossible to doubt that the author himself has been through some such experience, and I was interested to learn from Mr. Large that this is the case.

The first thought which came to me was that a man could write of such an experience and become what Horace calls "a man of one book." So with great interest I read his second, which has another strange title: *Asleep in the Afternoon* (Jonathan Cape, London. 7s, 6d). Mr. Large has adopted the dangerous device of writing about the writing of a book, which leads to complications and involvements; but he tells me he is not going to do it again, so I forgive him once!

Asleep in the Afternoon tells about a shy and retiring physicist whose custom it is to sleep four or five hours every day. It is a strange practice, and appears to be due to the fact that he is deaf and unhappy about this defect. But presently it transpires that his deafness is only pretended; the real reason is that he has an active and aggressive wife from whom he seeks refuge. He wears a little hearing apparatus in his ear, even when he is sleeping in the afternoon; it turns out that it is not a hearing apparatus at all, but a device with which he is conducting experiments. It produces a kind of ray which affects the brain and causes a sleep accompanied by delightful dreams.

Frank Davidson

The scientist reveals the secret to a colleague who is commercial-minded and sees an opportunity for a world sensation. A patent is secured, a capitalist is approached, and a campaign is undertaken to teach the people of the world to enjoy artificial slumber. The active and aggressive wife of the inventor becomes head of the propaganda department of the industry—and also she becomes a literary creation. I have known such a woman, and found myself wondering how Mr. Large had been able to find her at a distance of six thousand miles!

Agatha Boom believes what it profits her to believe, and with tireless energy she sets out to communicate her faith to the rest of mankind. She glories in publicity, and expands her personality as a peacock its feathers. "Agatha Boom Sleep" becomes the rage in London, and provides Mr. Large an opportunity for satire aimed at the defeatist tendencies of our time. The "Boom-sleepers" are the prototype of all ivory-tower artists, and of dreamers and mystics who say that God is in his heaven and all's right with a very wrong world. The exploiters of "Boom-sleep"—well, they are so many and powerful that it may be the part of discretion to let you read the story and recognize them for yourself.

It is a pleasure to report that it is not only in England that the technicians are beginning to awaken. There has come to my desk a generously proportioned novel, published by a little-known house, and bearing the name of Joshua Rosett, who is a professor at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and author of very learned books upon the brain. The book is called *Show and Side-Show,* and I found myself caught by a fanciful tale which, in spite of some crudities, brought me to recognize a brilliant talent.

Dr. Rosett's narrator is an advertising man, not quite the same as a technician; but the real heroes are two scientists who are working on the problem of what they call the "sympathetic ray," because it has an affinity for the organisms of noxious insects and causes them to drop dead. The advertising man tells with mocking cynicism the story of his efforts to raise sufficient money to enable these scientists to perfect their machinery. In so doing he takes us through the financial, business, and political setup of an unnamed American city. There is just enough exaggeration to cause one to chuckle out loud; then we stop and ask

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ourselves: "Couldn't it really happen?" And we realize that it is happening all the time.

One of the scientists becomes disgusted and smashes the machinery. But he overlooks part of it, and this part, plugged into the electric circuit, goes on running—with appalling consequences. The rays spread and the noxious insects of the United States drop dead. There is an immediate panic in Wall Street. The wire-screen industry is ruined, also the insect-exterminator industry. Crops begin to flourish beyond precedent, so the grain speculators and the farmers are ruined. American big business begins a frantic search for the missing scientists, in order to stop their nefarious proceedings and enable American insects to be restored to their normal activity.

At the last Dr. Rosett cannot resist the temptation to turn his story into a Socialist sermon. Having yielded to this temptation in *The Jungle* and other books, I can easily forgive him. It is really almost impossible when you have gotten your readers into a receptive mood not to tell them a few things which they urgently need to know! The announcing of such opinions by a man in Dr. Rosett's position is a matter of great significance.

The lack of literary qualities in Dr. Rosett's style may cause the critics to pass him by, but this need not keep him from wide popularity. I think of *Looking Backward* and *Caesar's Column,* which had many deficiencies of style, yet obtained nationwide circulation. Sometimes a small push can start a big engine, and I would be happy if I could render such a service to Dr. Rosett's engine as well as to Mr. Large's. Technicians of all countries, awake! UPTON SINCLAIR.

Jim Farley

BEHIND THE BALLOTS: THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF A POLITICIAN, *by James A. Farley, Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.*

MR. FARLEY'S frankness is staggering. What he chooses to tell has none of the pomposity or deceit of the political hack who suddenly becomes a statesman in his memoirs. Quite plainly, Farley wrote his autobiography to make money. And equally to the point, he notes that politics to him is a grandiose game to be played for the excitement of trouncing a Republican adversary. Principles, economic or political, are of course necessary. But let the moralists and the radicals worry about them. As a practical politico his job is to assure victory for anyone who sails under the Democratic emblem. Patronage and spoils build the vote-getting machine; and machines elect candidates. All else is so much excess baggage. Mr. Farley is indeed master of the technique of how to be a ward politician on a nationwide scale.

From a door-bell pusher in the hamlet of Grassy Point, N. Y., where he was born, to the chairmanship of the National Democratic

Ben Yomen

Committee is a long hop for any lower middle-class boy. And Jim still thinks that Horatio Alger's stories were nothing compared to his own rapid flight across the political heavens. For his antecedents in America were refugees from Ireland's potato famine and his brick-making father earned just enough to keep the family comfortable. To help the family along after his father's death, Jim tended bar in his mother's combination grocery and saloon. At twenty-one Jim held the town clerkship. The clerkship provided no salary. Whatever income there was came from fees. But Jim never accepted the fees. It was a chance to establish good will among the local electorate. At thirty he was chairman of the county committee, shaking hands with the bigshots and developing a vast correspondence with party workers that later turned into a stupendous task which involved signing his name in green ink for eight hours a day. The apprenticeship in provincial politics taught him the practical recipes for winning friends and influencing votes.

Before 1928 Farley was among the important but small-fry chieftains who commanded the Democratic field forces in New York State. He was permitted to prowl around the inner political sanctums where the leaders made their deals and selected the candidates rubber-stamped by conventions. He observed Al Smith (before the du Pont conversion) move the pawns and battle his way to the governorship. His own services as state assemblyman were distinguished by his obeisance to the party tycoons. Farley tells a good deal of this inside stuff with a naiveté that makes it palatable in the reading. By 1928 Jim was managing the Roosevelt campaign for governorship. From then on he was on the big-time circuit.

Farley was captivated by the Roosevelt manner. Louis Howe, a sick, gloomy, sour little man, whose sustaining strength lay in his devotion to Roosevelt, had infected Farley with his overwhelming ambition to make "Franklin" President. And so for two years preceding the 1932 presidential convention Farley hiked from state to state, mending the Roosevelt fences, sniffing the political winds, cajoling delegates—paving the way for the day when Roosevelt would be named the party standard-bearer. The pre-convention campaign would have killed a half-dozen ordinary mortals. But Farley was a powerhouse of energy. As front man executing the plans laid down by Roosevelt and Howe, Farley had the additional job of killing off rival aspirants and healing the back-knifing wounds inflicted by the Raskob anti-Roosevelt elements in the national committee.

The convention itself brought the mad scramble for delegates to a climax. Tammany and the Hague machines were boosting Al Smith and sharpening their hatchets in the wide-open Roosevelt-Smith feud. The favorite sons and the bucking dark horses were unusually troublesome. Louis Howe lay stricken with asthma on a Chicago hotel-room floor, moaning instructions to the Roosevelt scouts. Roosevelt, back in Albany, calmly steered Farley step by step over the long-distance telephone. It looked bad for "Franklin" until Jack Garner, through Representative Rayburn, deposited his delegation in the Roosevelt column and decided Roosevelt's nomination. Farley relates his convention story, the most important in the book, as would a baseball manager who has just won a World Series pennant. There is breeze and freshness and simplicity in it which save it from complete hollowness. The issues and political forces which shaped the convention struggle remain hidden just as they remain practically without comment in his report of the 1936 convention.

For his political services, Farley was awarded the postmaster generalship. He is consumed with pride in describing and defending his mail policies: how he established a paying philatelic service; how he canceled air-mail contracts let out at exorbitant fees by his Republican predecessors; how Roosevelt designed commemorative stamps and other trivia ranging from the heroism of postal inspectors to saving Aunt Emma's hinterland postoffice. There are juicy, extraneous pieces about Huey Long, who, in defiance, kept his hat on during an interview with Roosevelt at the White House; and Farley tells how a secret poll taken by him indicated that the Kingfish could muster enough votes to hold the balance of power in the '36 election. The tenor of the section on Roosevelt's personality is that of a tenderfoot admiring an eagle scout, and adds nothing to the picture that has not been repeated a thousandfold by others.

What is Farley's view of the struggle within his party? He can see none except possibly a slight surface rift which gives him no concern. In the name of party unity and party loyalty, the New Dealers and anti-New Dealers will embrace and forget their differences. That, of course, is an ostrich outlook on the actual state of affairs revealed by recent po-

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litical contests, the 1938 congressional session, and the pattern of forces at the opening of the 76th Congress. Only the blind and the halt have failed to discern the political and class realignments which are bound to affect the Democratic as well as the Republican organizations.

That the President himself has been conscious of insurgency within the party ranks and has helped the tide along by speaking out against such reactionary party hacks as Tydings and O'Connor was clear throughout last summer and fall. Farley doesn't say so, and his silence is significant, but he strongly disapproved of these "purges" and, in fact, did as much as he could to stop them. Farley's deep affection for Jack Garner is consonant with his lack of comment on specific New Deal policies and his failure to credit the trade-union movement with some of the administration's legislative and electoral successes. The last pages of his life reflect Farley's misgivings as to where his party, the party he was taught to build by spoils and patronage, is moving. His political schooling has given him lessons in geniality with the electorate; his hard work has been crowned with a Cabinet position; he has a sincere, deep feeling for Roosevelt personally; but he is at a loss and befuddled by a politics that slowly discards the techniques of the ward-heeler as a method of government. JOHN STUART.

Generals Without Brains

THROUGH THE FOG OF WAR, *by Liddell Hart. Random House. $2.50.*

IN THE spring of 1917 Sir Douglas Haig, with the sunny optimism of military men, thought he could break the German line in Flanders single-handed. Nobody else did, neither the British General Staff nor the new British government of Lloyd George. The French army, after three years, was mutinous. Haig told the French that the great Flanders offensive was the desire of Lloyd George; he told Lloyd George that it was the desire of the French. He knew that the land about Ypres was a reclaimed swamp; a heavy bombardment would smash the drainage system and pound No-Man's-Land into a quagmire. He knew that for the last eighty years the weather in Flanders had broken in early August with the regularity of the Indian monsoon. But he didn't tell Lloyd George.

He told Lloyd George that the Germans were outnumbered two to one, which they were not; had no effective reserves, which they did; and were ripe for the slaughter; and after three months Lloyd George, against his own conscience, said go ahead.

On July 31 the Fifth British Army attacked. Heavy artillery had transformed the battlefield into mud which reached above the knees of a tall man. Early in August it began to rain. The story is well known in England. You have seen in war movies the results of sending a line of men across open country in broad daylight against a line of machine guns. After a month or so Lloyd George visited the front to see what was the matter. Haig told him that the Germans were ready to collapse at any minute. To prove it he showed him a prison camp. Anyone could see that the prisoners, when they were taken, were on their last legs. After the war was over Lloyd George discovered that Haig had had all the able-bodied prisoners removed in advance. In September, when he was finally persuaded to stop his battle, he had lost 400,000 men.

Who was this monster in charge of the British armies? According to Capt. Liddell Hart, he was an orthodox end-product of a military career, stupid and stubborn, and convinced, like any other general, that given the proper opportunity he would be another Napoleon Bonaparte. He was never given the proper opportunity. For the General Staffs of both sides, the World War was four years of frustration. Nothing went right. Every decision was a compromise. Plans that might have worked at one time were postponed till conditions were entirely different, and they failed. Plans that might have worked if they had been pursued with resolution, like the German submarines and the British landing at Gallipoli, were pursued timidly, and failed. When any general did the right thing at the right time he didn't have the sense to follow it up. The Germans introduced gas and were as surprised at the results as the British. Next year the British introduced tanks, with the same results.

The truth is, says Liddell Hart, that in the present situation no Napoleons are possible. War is big business, the biggest business in the world, and a General Staff has to operate like the board of directors of a corporation. By the time an order for a gas attack is handed down the hierarchy from top to bottom, it is not unlikely that the wind has shifted and the gas routs the wrong army. The war's only great general was T. E. Lawrence, a guerrilla leader, and of course the war was not predominantly guerrilla. The other wartime reputations can be disposed of quickly—Foch, for example, screaming "Attack, attack!" for four years till at last an attack coincided with an enemy retreat and he won a victory.

Military science itself, which is Liddell Hart's subject, is a contradiction. Army men have never in history been able to learn anything from experience. Haig should have known that it was foolish to go on at Passchendaele; General Franco should know by this time that he is gaining nothing by bombing Barcelona. The only value of a book like *Through the Fog of War,* which discusses in great detail the events of the last war and the personalities of its generals, is that the present war is being run by personalities of the same sort, with precisely the same tastes. It took the General Staffs of the last war twenty-five years to see the possibilities of tanks, airplanes, machine guns, and gas. Every army private today spends much of his time

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Plate 3: Pierrot and Harlequin (Cezanne)

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in bayonet drill, though there hasn't been any large-scale bayonet fighting since the American Revolution. In the last war no army could move more than forty miles in any direction without having to sit down and wait for its supplies. Every army still remains a mass army.

For Liddell Hart, who considers world events from a military point of view, the second world war began three years ago. The armies are now maneuvering for position in Central Europe. Naturally, as a military scientist he was sickened by the Munich pact. At Munich the fascists won overwhelming strategic victories without being forced to answer: How can economies that are stretched to the breaking point in peacetime hope to survive a war? In a military sense, the last war was a nothing-to-nothing tie, and when the present war spreads to the battlefields of the last, even with the fascists in possession of a good portion of their enemies' fortifications, it will be decided by politics and economics, not by battles. Democracies are still as far superior to dictatorships as a People's Army is to Nazi Storm Troops. A People's Army always confounds the experts. The advance of the Spanish loyalists across the Ebro without command of the air or previous artillery bombardment was such a brilliant technical achievement that it made some military men wonder if, after all, God is always on the side of the big battalions. But it made only subordinates wonder. Their superiors, on the General Staffs of the world, instead of studying the campaigns of the Russian Red Army outside of Petrograd, the six-thousand-mile Long March of the Chinese Red Army, the stand of the Spanish government in the suburbs of Madrid, are occupied in learning all there is to be learned from the Battle of Waterloo.

ROBERT TERRALL.

Deserter's Plea

THE SCHOOL FOR DICTATORS, *by Ignazio Silone. Harper & Bros. $2.50.*

ROMAIN ROLLAND, who had made his home in Switzerland for many years, left that country recently as a rebuke to the rising reaction there.

Silone finds the same Switzerland congenial, and accords it bantering but sincere praise in his new book.

The new book is a depressing affair. It has the aggressive and offensive vanity of a man who seeks to demonstrate his superiority to a cause he is deserting.

Some years ago Silone wrote a good book, *Fontamara;* then he published a collection of short stories, a number of which were good; then a novel, *Bread and Wine,* that was good when he wrote as an observer of Italian peasant life and bad when he wrote as a philosopher. In the new book he appears wholly as philosopher and the book is bad.

There was a French left writer, Jean Giono, who got frightened and deserted the revolutionary movement. He advocated nonresistance. To the question what to do if his country was invaded, he replied, "Better to be a live German than a dead Frenchman."

Silone has deserted. His rationalization is cynicism. The men against tyranny are themselves tyrants, he says. He professes to be a pure lover of democracy, who finds the fighters for democracy impure. Was there ever a deserter who did not call the fighters names?

History furnishes other examples of refugees who found it hard to maintain their morale. Cut off from their land and their people, condemned to apparent futility, a number have cracked under the strain. It is lamentable that a man of Silone's talent should have cracked; and understandable that he should try to locate the fissure not in himself but in others, in the men of the revolutionary movement. From the evidence in *Bread and Wine* it seemed that Silone's desertion might take the form of mysticism. In *The School for Dictators,* it is revealed that the desertion is taking the form of renegacy.

In the book Silone appears as Thomas the Cynic, a student of tyranny from ancient times to the present. His scholarship, which includes a close study of Mussolini's and Hitler's careers and writings, could have served a better purpose. The book reveals what is already well known: that fascism is demagogic, that it holds the people in contempt and systematically deludes them; that it diverts popular discontent upon scapegoats; that it comes to power by systematically provoking disorder, and then appearing as the party of order, and persuading the selfish and the panicked that appeasing the fascists at somebody else's expense will restore order. The same trick that worried the German bourgeoisie into yielding Hitler the chancellorship worried the international bourgeoisie into yielding him enlarged power in Europe. Silone tells us, with the air of a master mind, what we already know.

Then he joins Mr. Dies, Mr. Hoover, Mr. Hearst, and the clever editors of the New York *Times* who arrange that on the day they must break the news of the Nazi assault on Cardinal Innitzer they must print something about the anti-religious society in the Soviet Union, and on the day when the new wave of atrocities against the Jews begins they must print a horror editorial about the unfilial pioneer Pavel Morozov, who told on his houseburning Kulak papa. Like the whole festering lot of them, but not so plainly, and not as a declared enemy but as a disappointed friend, Silone professes to find no difference between the fascists and the Communists.

The thing is done with an air of very elevated objectivity. However, it is significant that while Silone documents himself abundantly and accurately from the record of fascism, he has no similar documentation from the record of Communism; he merely makes assertions—and that while he quotes numerous pages from the published works of dictators Hitler and Mussolini, he has nothing to quote from Marx and Lenin and Stalin, whom he

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has the indecency to class with them, except a phrase fabricated by Trotsky and attributed by him to Stalin. It is significant that here Silone does not cite his source. But, then, what are ethics to Thomas the Cynic?

The book is written in the form of a Socratic dialogue and is as dull as modern Socratic dialogues invariably are. The participants are Mr. W., an American aspirant to dictatorship who travels through Europe to learn the current technique of dictatorship; Professor Pickup, a shady intellectual who has attached himself to Mr. W. to supply him with an "ideology," and Thomas the Cynic, who furnishes them instruction, gratis, with what motive? Presumably, through this device, anti-fascists are to be furnished for their guidance with an analysis of the methods of fascism. That is the implied justification for a very bald rationalization of renegacy, which tries to destroy the faith of the reader in the cause which the author is deserting. And it is no accident that, although truthfully hideous portraits are given of Hitler and Mussolini, who are well known for what they are, Mr. W. is made, by Silone, quite an attractive person.

And the only difference between Thomas the Cynic and Professor Pickup, that one can see, is that Thomas the Cynic is a classier pickup.

ARTHUR VOGT.

Enlightened Capitalism

ROADS TO A NEW AMERICA, *by David Cushman Coyle. Little, Brown & Co. $2.75.*

DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE, industrial engineer and consultant to New Deal agencies, has written widely in support of an enlightened capitalism. In his first full-length book he develops the same subject more fully.

Mr. Coyle first contemplates a variety of aspects which make up much of the mosaic of our contemporary politico-economic life. He discusses at the outset, democracy, freedom, and justice, intelligently evaluating them in terms of their requirements and necessary forms in the circumstances of the world of today.

Perhaps the most engaging chapters are those which analyze the impact of technology (as a primary fact or in the dynamics of present-day capitalism) on such diverse aspects as public health, education, population, conservation of our natural resources, etc. Others before him, like de Kruif, Mumford, Stuart Chase, and Granville Hicks, have variously explored much of the same ground. Mr. Coyle makes a definite contribution in his persuasive, recurring thesis that only through a collectivist approach, extending the area of governmental control (and, in many instances, ownership) can America revivify its rapidly fading values. That Mr. Coyle would like to stop somewhere short of Socialism does not alter the impressive fact that he has indicated important milestones in that direction.

The major portion of the book scrutinizes in detail the maladjustments, economic and financial, of the capitalistic system in its present development. Every component factor involved is carefully appraised. There emerges an accurate and alarming picture of unemployment, recurring crises, monopoly domination, financial mismanagement, and the effects of a maldistribution of our national income. Mr. Coyle is not without hope that capitalism can be saved and he, for one, wants it to survive.

The direction of Mr. Coyle's suggestions is towards a planned economy under the aegis of the federal government. Mr. Coyle is not anxious to admit this. He objects to the principle of national economic planning; its flowering under the Socialism of the Soviet Union is abhorrent to him. Yet, it is submitted, Mr. Coyle nonetheless establishes an ideological approach and indicates a methodology which, if adopted, would lay the base for that very planned economy for America to which he objects strenuously.

Among the cardinal proposals of Mr. Coyle are the following (to summarize freely):

1. Public ownership of public utilities.
2. Legislation and a tax policy designed to encourage small business at the expense of large business.
3. Legislation against monopoly and concentrated financial control.
4. Taxation of the "creditor" areas to help the "debtor" areas—the principle of "equalization."
5. A broad program of social services.
6. The use of taxation to transfer money from the financial side to the consuming side of the market.

As an immediate approach, these perspectives are liberal and progressive; they certainly will appeal to every forward looking American. As a fundamental solution, however—the salvation of capitalism—they must fail of their objective. For example, assume—for the sake of argument—that it were possible by legislation to do away with monopoly. The result would be to reestablish a fertile field whereby small business could flourish. But at this point would come into play all the laws of capitalist dynamics. Surplus value, the accumulation and investment of surplus profits, the use of technology to constrict competition—these and a host of other factors, each bearing the germ of dislocation to a sensitive economic system, constitute the natural "laws of capitalist motion" which no legislative fiat can curb. The dialectics of capitalism are inexorable. So long as we retain the profit system, just so long shall we be confronted with all those self-accelerating tendencies which are productive of our present economic maladies. Adoption of Mr. Coyle's proposals would unquestionably slow up their pace. They must, however, inevitably reappear and in more virulent manifestations. If the America of the future is to achieve its full values and potentialities, that is only possible under a program of Socialism.

JOSEPH HASTINGS.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

What Is an Anti-War Movie?

SOBER pictures about war are commonplace these days. Several of the finest films of 1938 had the World War, the revolutions, and the ruinous epilogues of 1918 as their subjects. *Grand Illusion,* from France, told the story of Allied prisoners in Germany; *The Road Back* was set in post-war Germany; *Dawn Patrol* concerned English aviators in France; and there were several Russian studies of regional phases of the October Revolution and the Intervention.

The three pictures I have named stand out from the ruck of celluloid as esthetic achievements. The World War burns in the consciousness of the world; with it as a cyclorama for the new war rehearsing in the wings, no film producer could find better dramatic suspense. Death and decay, not victory, are the climax of these war tales. We live with the warriors on the screen because the same danger holds for us. The theme is so pervasive that commercial producers have forgotten their cheap tricks in the face of it; a rare sincerity marks these films.

The immediate temptation for a reviewer is to hail such screen conviction as fine propaganda against war; do they not bespeak the sickening air of slaughter, the fine men who will die in the next reel? Do they not show the absurdity of herds of men killing each other for no reason? Do they not attack the brass hats and celebrate the virtue of the enemy? They do. But does that make them anti-war films in this war year?

I have serious doubts. Let's imagine that we are living in Barcelonetta, the working-class suburb of Barcelona, where the fascist aviators have concentrated their visits. The cinemas are still open and it has been a hard day in the underground munitions factory. As we set out down the pockmarked street we are ordinary citizens living in a world in which there is no declared war. We hate war and we have found certain Italians, Germans, English, Americans, Canadians, Poles, Hungarians, Frenchmen, and Negroes, who have passed through our city, to be fine fellows. If war should suddenly be declared our feelings would be confused; we could not readily hate these foreigners and take up arms against them. We approach the cinema and gingerly skirt a crowd which has gathered around a street car that lies across the rails like a battered lettuce crate. They are removing dead people. At the neighborhood cinema the picture is *Grand Illusion.* It is a very strange thing but we pass the theater by and walk downtown to a leading picture house where an old Russian film called *Chapayev* is playing. We are against war and we agree with the philosophy of Jean Renoir that war is folly, chauvinism is stupid, and the enemy is the same sort of fellow as ourselves. Yet we go to a picture that, for all its artistic excellence, is full of propaganda, Soviet variety. Why?

The war and revolutionary films of the USSR contain something more than the war films of the West—beyond hatred of war and its ruin, the Soviet film shows how to wipe out war. The English, French, and American films have not gotten beyond indignation and warning. *Grand Illusion* is an artistic triumph but what good is it as anti-war propaganda to people in a war or people in a strange peace before the guns? None whatsoever, and I say that in all admiration for Renoir's great picture. In *The Road Back,* the growth of fascist hoodlumism is faced even less squarely. Sickening things happen on the screen and these events determine the final effect of the picture, rather than being balanced by mention of the counter-fighting. In *The Fight for Peace,* an earnest collection of newsreel material edited by Hendrik Willem van Loon, the absence of the slightest plan for fighting war and fascism paralyzes the film and belies its title. In *Dawn Patrol,* the British aviators in France face some of the military problems of warfare: demoralization, lack of trained pilots and adequate ships, and the callousness of GHQ in ordering men to their death against great odds. The effect again is one of hopelessness and despair. *Dawn Patrol* is the right picture for the wrong time. In the pre-Munich world, merely picturing

"My God. He's on every station."

John Heliker

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war's horror might have been effective as anti-war propaganda. But pacifism became one of Neville Chamberlain's aces in the Munich game. The fake war scare which used a universal horror of war to strengthen the war forces is a masterpiece of fascist strategy, and these pictures, intentionally or not, contribute to the confusion.

I do not admire or hope for jingo pictures that warp the emotions against the national enemy; none of the forthright Soviet films directed against the war plots of German and Japanese fascism have stooped for a foot to create chauvinistic hatred. In *The Defense of Volochayevsk* there are very pointed scenes in which the rank-and-file Japanese are shown to be good people. The enemy in the Soviet film is always the real enemy of conscripts on every side in every imperialist war—the class enemy, the captains and the kings and the industrialists and their pimps like Chamberlain. The Soviet film is not one of despair—a war is forced upon the masses and they must fight it and turn it into a battle of liberation. The human instinct to survive, to shun the wholesale death—the spirit that moves the well-meaning anti-war films of the Western democracies—is raised, in the Soviet film, to a practical scheme for bringing peace.

This is recognized by the millions of Spanish people who have seen *Chapayev;* here is an anti-war film that becomes a weapon against the invader rather than a mere statement of war's degradation. The people of Spain know what war means. They want to win it.

THAT RAGGED OLD HAND-ME-DOWN from *The Thin Man,* the tale of the detective and his wife, has had several bright new patches sewn on it for Melvyn Douglas and Virginia Bruce. *That Woman's Here Again* succeeds *There's Always a Woman* in a series for the amusing Mr. Douglas. The plot is hopelessly involved, as though three clocks had been torn down and reassembled into one timepiece in the belief that it would be three times as effective in telling time. The new notes are some fresh comic ideas by Philip Epstein, James Edward Grant, and Ken Englund, the screenwriters, and Alexander Hall, the director.

COSMO TOPPER is back on the screen with his vanishing friends, the Kerbys. Cary Grant's absence from the new film *Topper Takes a Trip* forced the script writers into an inelegant series of gags built around the trick photographic effects of Roy Seawright. Several of the disappearing stunts are good for laughs but the picture is otherwise a bore.

JAMES DUGAN.

Gentle People In Trouble

THERE was one moment of terrible suspense in *The Gentle People,* when it seemed as if Franchot Tone might not get himself successfully murdered, but the danger

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passed quickly. As the racketeer Goff he had been making life a burden for Sam Jaffe and Roman Bohnen (the gentle people) and achieving the acting feat of making you thirst for his blood. When, after tumbling on the tides for a week, his body is discovered, the police decide it was dumped overboard off the Jersey coast. ("They've got experts for that," says the detective—the biggest laugh of many in the show.) So the gentle people get happily away with murder; and boy gets girl.

Not all the racketeers have been wiped out, to be sure. Goff had demanded only $5 a week from Jonah Goodman (Sam Jaffe) and Philip Anagnos (Roman Bohnen) for protecting their boat from pirates; and if they had taken their craft elsewhere, they would have run into a gang that exacted $7.50. But it was enough for the purposes of Irwin Shaw's play that these two little people, driven into a corner, had made their stand, and been temporarily victorious. Their dream of buying a bigger boat, with two bunks and a galley, and spending a month in the Gulf Stream, away from jobs and wives, fishing for fish with spears at the end of their noses, would be realized. Stella Goodman (Sylvia Sidney), whose pretty head had been turned by the racketeer, has come back to her senses and the arms of Eli Lieber (Elia Kazan, of *Lefty)* who promises her fifty years of happiness.

A word of advice on going to see and enjoy *The Gentle People*. Don't go expecting a sustained criticism of society, or of this one section of society. Such a caution would be entirely supererogatory in other cases, but this play is a Group Theater production, and a lot of things are demanded of the Group which it is not always able to provide. *The Gentle People* is a highly entertaining melodrama in private life, and it stays on its own modest premises throughout. It does not put forward its problem in terms of social struggle; if it had, the solution of individual direct action would have been definitely harmful. The racketeer Goff is something that happened to these people, and they took what they thought was the only course open to them, after trying the law and running up against the crooked combination of crime and politics. Goff explains himself as a product of poverty, who after being kicked around decided it was better to do the kicking. Allusions to the social landscape, to Communism, fascism, Mussolini, are sprinkled here and there, with a careful hand, and there is one scene in a Russian bath, where a bankrupt small business man bewails his lot, which is uproariously funny—but with a dangerous tendency to turn the laugh in the wrong direction.

The Gentle People doesn't lift the Group Theater to new heights, but it does provide one of the most enjoyable evenings available in New York. Boris Aronson's settings include a whopper of a pier at Steeplechase, so solidly put together that the Group must be planning to spend the next few years at the Belasco. In the main Harold Clurman has turned in a creditable job of directing; it would be strange if he hadn't, apart from his own abilities, with the splendid talents assembled in the cast. And Irwin Shaw's script is unfailingly smooth and natural, if a little too much on the "objective" side.

IN A VASTLY DIFFERENT WORLD meanders *The Primrose Path*. Imagine a family in which every accepted moral standard is deliberately stood on its head; where ma "has a business" of weekending with free-spending business men while grandma roars bawdy songs and reminisces over her own purple past; where one daughter ambles around picking up her meals from doorsteps and unguarded newsstands; where the baby of the family swears with machine-gun precision; where "presents" shower down as the result either of shoplifting or whoring; where father hasn't worked for fifteen years but spends his time communing with Aristophanes and a gin bottle; where the only unsympathetic character is the respectable daughter who works in the mill. That's the Wallace family, living in a shanty near Buffalo.

The Primrose Path has an impact like the kick of a mule, and most of it lands on the funny bone. Comparisons with *Tobacco Road* are inevitable. The authors of *The Primrose Path* take even more for granted in the audience than Erskine Caldwell did; they assume that you will accept these people, amoral, illiterate most of them, but "good"—that is, kind—altogether for what they are, a special tribe of gypsies living on the margin of civilization, doing nobody any harm, and just making out fine. When the father is finally pushed into a job by the unattractively virtuous daughter, it proves the death of him, for he has a fight and comes home and kills himself. The scene before the funeral, when ma, grandma, and two of the daughters are arraying themselves in mourning, is something unique in its horrifying glee, its crackling excitement. "Funerals," says ma, "are so sensible." Grandma goes on a highly public binge, to break into the reformatory so that her daughter can have her chance with a "beautiful" business man from Texas. But the project of Emma settling down in peaceful respectability comes to nothing, for one daughter's husband is killed smuggling; the son comes back from his paternal grandmother's prison of a house; grandma makes the jail too hot to hold her, and Emma decides that she must stay with her own folks.

Bawdy, horrifying, hilarious, *The Primrose Path* has a perverse demoniac energy that makes for rare theater. Its social values are so unabashedly cockeyed that they never get in the way. Helen Westley, as grandma, is easily its outstanding figure, as richly humorous an old rip as ever sallied forth with "a bottle of gin and a nightgown." The rest of the small cast is all good, with Betty Garde, as ma, and Betty Field, as the second daughter, giving especially understanding performances.

ETHEL WATERS MAKES an impressive dramatic debut in Dorothy and DuBose Heyward's *Mamba's Daughters,* carrying a de-

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manding role with dignity and a naturalness that takes her performance out of the category of "acting." The play itself leaves a bad taste in the mouth, for all the skill with which its mass scenes are contrived. It is a white man's view of the Negro, and while the whites figure in it every little, and the Negroes act and react only on each other, the deep underlying thesis of an inferior and a superior race is implicit throughout. One thing the Negro has that the white man hasn't, says a character: when his troubles get too big, he can always sing. That kind of thing. It would have been better if they had let Ethel Waters do more singing.

H. M.

Pink Slips, Pinocchio, Etc.

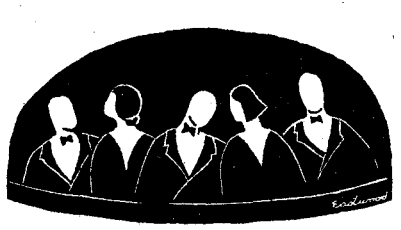
THE news is that eighty of the 140 dancers on the WPA Theater Projects are being fired—while at the Ritz Theater one of the best arguments for cutting the pink-slip plague, for giving the Federal Theater an adequate appropriation, the sparkling Yasha Frank staging of *Pinocchio* is showing to standing-room-only. And no little of that sparkle is contributed by its dancers, Negro and white, vaudeville and classic, ballet, acrobatic, tap and modern.

Pinocchio is something to see—not only for its good fun but also to remind you what possibilities are inherent in a people's theater, even when severely handicapped by a Kondolf administration; and, lest you forget, it's something to write your congressman about.

Up at the Ninety-second Street "Y," continuing its valiant efforts to create a popular dance theater group, the Theater Dance Company presented its second collective program in as many seasons, offering up to a friendly audience fables, parodies, dances from the folk, and a well aimed but somewhat confused *Ode to Freedom*. Technically, the company is well equipped with such excellent dancers as Eleanor King, Sybil Shearer, Fe Alf, William Bales, Sidney Stark, and George Bockman. Consequently, such trivial substance as *Folk Suite* and the very amusing *Parodisms* comes off well enough. It is when the company attempts anything of any mature dimensions that it falls into diffuseness, muddiness, and superficial characterization and insignificant satire (as in *Biography of a Hero*—pre-1914).

The Theater Dance Company has the dancers; its dance materials need to be made of more discerning stuff.

OWEN BURKE.



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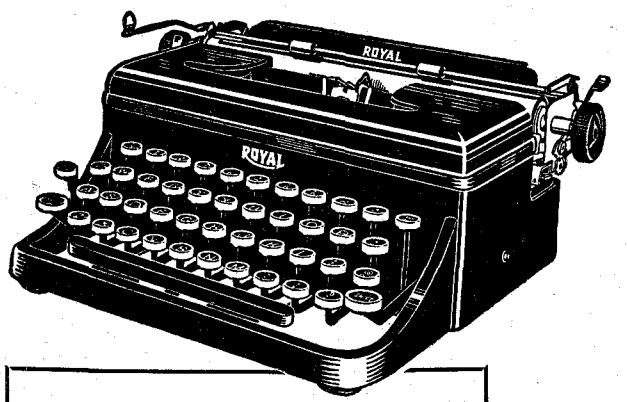

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